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## THE SCHOLAR.

LIT. PRIZE ESSAY, by EDWARD W. EVANS, JR., NEW JERSEY.

Y

**T**HAT the age of discipleship has passed is a significant fact. The philosopher and the statesman had formerly far more partisan adherents than at present. This increasing individualism can be variously illustrated by contrast with previous periods. In physical science, such an overshadowing figure was Newton that, for generations, his methods dominated the minds of men to the exclusion of originality. About a century after Newton's death, Lord Brougham severely criticised Thomas Young, because the latter in his theory of optics presumed to differ from Sir Isaac. Such overmastering influence imparts no inspiration. It rather discourages personal endeavor. But, in this era of independent opinion, we have ceased unswervingly to circle round some large intellectual luminary. Thus, Dr. Edward Caird says of Hegel, that there are few,

if any, who would be willing to label themselves Hegelians, as a complete indication of their ideas and tendencies. The fate of Hegel, in this respect, is similar to that of the majority of recent great men.

Our iconoclasm ill accords with Carlylean hero-worship. Historical criticism has made us receptive of germinal truths, wherever found, and has taught us to regard even the best thinker as but a link in the chain of human development. Nevertheless, as there cannot be an infinite series of syllogistic proof, but all reasoning must ultimately rest upon apodictic relations, so genius and inspiration can never be eliminated from our vocabulary. The subtle causes which mould a Beethoven or a Shakespeare defy detection, just as the beauty of the Parthenon, intuitively perceived, is incapable of being geometrically demonstrated.

That catholic insight, however, which would recognize the vast intellectual constituency which each man represents, is most favorable to the creation of a scholar. Notice, for example, the conception of human society which such insight engenders. We can best illustrate this by a reference to Carlyle. Mazzini, in a suggestive *critique* of the "French Revolution," says: "Carlyle does not recognize in a people—nor, *a fortiori*, in humanity—any collective life or collective aim. We rise from the perusal \* \* \* with a disposition toward scepticism nearly approaching fatalism." In this regard Carlyle is out of joint with his times, and it is for this reason that his influence has been much less pervasive and beneficent than that of Emerson. His aristocratic spirit vitiated his judgments—as in his scorn of our Civil War. When Dr. Johnson forbade the mention of the Romans in his presence, and declared that London streets and London life satisfied him, he, in a different way, was encouraging the same fallacy. Rome has its lessons for London.

Again, glance at our enlarging horizon in the sphere of art. In its enthusiasm for the beautiful, the eighteenth

century—save in the persons of Winckelmann, Herder and Lessing, solitary hierophants of the muses—was inferior to our own. Kant probably embodied the customary attitude of the cultivated toward art products. And a biographer says of him, "Gothic architecture seemed caricature—the fruit of a perverted taste and a barbarous age. \* \* \* 'The old songs from Homer to Ossian, and from Orpheus to the Prophets,' he says on one occasion, 'owe the brilliancy of their style to the want of proper means to express the ideas.' \* \* \* He speaks of print-collectors merely to quote an illustration of an amiable weakness. \* \* \* In music his favorite strains were the stirring notes of a military band." How different from the prevalent æsthetic notions of to-day! We find no difficulty in reconciling our appreciation of classic serenity and of romantic exuberance. We can admire the white light in which the classicist exhibits his ideas, as well as the iridescent atmosphere through which shine the splendid fancies of the romanticist. Furthermore, we are now constructing to our imagination the gradual evolution of the Greek *xoanon* into the Athene Parthenos, and this, in course of time, into the mild-eyed Madonna, tracing the tentative efforts of the Egyptian sculptor to the finished achievements of the latest French painter—a development which Hegel, in his "*Æsthetics*," *ideally* sketched long ago.

We have thus dwelt upon the inclination toward large synthetic views, because we conceive it to be *the* influence favorable to scholarship at the present day, and also because it needs emphasis in opposition to our oft-mentioned tendency toward mere material aims. That *philochromatic*, by which term Plato described the Phœnicians, might be applied to us is undeniable; nevertheless, there are adjectives, not opprobrious, which more truly characterize us. One of these is large-minded.

In any theory of culture, ingenuous receptivity of claims from all sides must be deemed vital. Indeed, some cultur-

ists push this position to an extreme. Thus, Hegel contends that culture must begin with a determined self-effacement, and that only by becoming thus disinterested can we hope to pronounce a judgment that is not discolored by the fumes of our own idiosyncrasy. To put it philosophically, in proportion as we eliminate self are we criticising the object *per se*. No doubt, to vigorous minds a draught of self-forgetfulness may be salutary. Impetuosity and assertiveness are stifled. But a sensitive soul is crushed by such a Spartan-like process. We can, however, predict one valuable result from this self-repression. It would surely check a youthful proclivity to hasty generalization after but a scant induction of facts.

If Hegel asks the scholar to enter into a nirvana, so to speak, Goethe would require him to watch life's drama as a *spectator ab extra*. Goethe stands as a type of pure, calm intellect. Xenophanes' sublime words, characterizing the Deity, "untroubled he moves, and directs all things by his thought," are to no mortal more applicable than to Goethe. We can fancy that Goethe speaks when Milton makes "Belial" exclaim—

\* \* \* \* \*  
 "Who would lose,  
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
 These thoughts that wander through eternity."

Goethe is an "eye among the blind," and, from his mental elevation, coldly smiles at prejudiced human-kind.

"O God-like isolation which art mine,  
 I can but count the perfect gain,  
 What time I watch the darkening droves of swine  
 That range on yonder plain."

One cannot help believing that this man, "hundred-handed, Argus-eyed, able and happy to cope with this rolling miscellany of facts and science, and, by his own



versatility, to dispose of them with ease," this man who lived for what culture could work *in him*, grasped but a half truth.

Clough, in one of his poems, intimates that it were better to shake off moral lethargy by committing a *crime*, rather than to submerge conscience in stolid indifference. We could imagine Goethe committing a crime for the intellectual experience, the study in pathology. And one cannot but hold that the "soul" in the "Palace of Art," "struck thro' with pangs of hell," solved this problem of the relation of culture to morals, when she said:

"Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are  
So lightly, beautifully built;  
Perchance I may return with others there,  
When I have purged my guilt."

Mr. Matthew Arnold's theory of culture we find little more satisfying than that of Goethe. It is too purely humanistic, and recognizes too rarely that dim region where the seen shades off into the unseen. Mr. Arnold has none of that warm, mellow nature which attracts. His character and writings have the simplicity and coldness of a Greek temple, rather than the magnificence and variety of a Gothic cathedral. Perhaps it is not quite fair for Mr. Whipple to say that "the slightest taint of vulgarity repels him as though it were an inexpiable sin." But it is certainly true that the satire of Mr. Frederic Harrison on the ineffectual dilettantism of Mr. Arnold strikes an Achilles' heel. Notice this barbed arrow, for example: "Culture," says Mr. Harrison, "deprecates any strain upon the nervous system. It eliminates from the well-nurtured soul all that savors of the zealot. Here again it diffuses a chastened atmosphere of sweetness and light. \* \* \* The harmonious, the suave, the well-bred, waft the bright particular being into a peculiar and reserved parterre of paradise, where bloom at once the graces of Pantheism, the simplici-

ties of Deism, the pathos of Catholicism, the romanticism of every age, where he can sip elegancies and spiritualities from the flowerets of every faith." Culture of this sort becomes mere impotence in the presence of action.

Having noted the present synthetic tendency in thought, a condition of things which was preceded by a searching analysis, and having remarked the more or less pivotal place comprehensiveness of outlook holds in theories of culture, we are directly confronted by the distinguishing traits of a scholar. Modifying Buffon's epigram, "The style is the man," we may say, "The spirit is the man." Restless consumption of print and even vast erudition do not, in the high sense we would use the word, individuate the scholar. The scholar is he who follows the noblest leadings of his nature. He alone is independent. Books and all the remains of former things he treats as his servitors. If they quench not the deep thirst of his soul, he will have nothing of them. The past he unblinds only to enlighten the future, so that, if he cannot make the dead by-gone fact live in his own experience, he discards it as a useless husk. By no means does he disdain books. He merely disdains the tyranny of books. Like Emerson, a typical scholar, he reverences a genuine author. He has, however, no relish in a fact for its own sake; he desires it mainly for its spiritual applications. And he requires a book to give him himself. His own "shadowy recollections" and "visionary gleams," which he can never clearly envisage, he asks his brother, the *seer*, to declare to him. In short, it is only when the book of nature is indecipherable that the scholar resorts to the world of books. When he can read his Bible in the smile of a little child, the letters of a book grow dim and faded in comparison.

Not only is the scholar distinctively the freeman; he is also preëminently the man of nature and sincerity. Conventional standards he weighs in the balance truth, and, lest his own prepossessions should turn the scales, he is

careful to weigh himself also. His unalterable determination is to live surrounded by trees and streams—by genuine men and women. In plain terms, he declares, "I do not propose to do the stereotyped grooved thinking that men ten times my mental superiors will do; I shall eliminate, to a possible degree, the trend of custom, and then *candidly think*. I shall remove myself from the circumference of traditional estimates, and seek to enunciate some eternal verity." Like Emerson, the scholar would bring the universe under the light of a few primal truths, although his contemporaries, enwrapped in many a transmitted coat of custom, gibe the offender, as though he were engaged in a ridiculous sciomachy. In presence of nature the scholar has a sense for unity. While men are splitting up knowledge, he recognizes that all sciences, in proportion to their validity, are joined inextricably; therefore, he who would organize his study of physics or biology into his intellectual cosmos must remove himself from pedagogic and bookish associations. He must interrogate nature herself. The scholar, therefore, specializes only after he has caught a glimpse of the interlacing fabric of the universe, the subtle *nexus* that binds all the parts of nature into a unit. Then, he treats his specialty as a microcosm, bringing his various acquisitions to bear upon it.

The scholar of all men should be the most practical. He who thinks deepest and farthest is best able to execute, since the thought is potentially the act. But the scholar is the thinker, therefore he is the doer. The popular notion that the scholar is a cripple in practice is essentially false, and rests upon the vulgar assumption that the practical man is the shrewd charlatan. Doubtless, like Plato's philosopher, who returned to the cave after basking in the sunlight of truth, the scholar may grope in the twilight of popular opinion; nevertheless, he carries with him the memory of the glorious sunshine, and can best lead others into the light. The scholar is never at a loss how to conduct him-

self, because of his catholicity. He is attuned to many moods and many minds.

How marvelous is our dramatic mood, when the scholar's spirit is strong upon us, leading us away from "custom, heavy as frost and deep almost as life," freeing us from the bonds of self-seeking! Our thoughts surmount the ephemeral ends, which are not even means to the sublime end of self-culture—culture which, duly communicated, signifies the rejuvenescence of humanity. While our thoughts surmount, they yet cling in tender compassion to checkered human life. Then comes the dramatic mood, when each of us is not one individual, but many,—when we are each many types of mankind, character, potential and breathing, and needing only the dramatic situation to set them into effective actions and counter-actions. Perchance we are strolling in some crowded thoroughfare, when this mood captivates us. Then, we are the gay butterfly of fashion, or rather, the gaudy bee of the social season, that gathers honey from short-lived flowers, and ever and again, when the sweet transitory occupation is interrupted, leaves an envenomed sting. We are the toil-worn workman, going home to his nest after the day's job; or the street Arab, who hangs about the open-air-counter of hot waffles, with greedy eyes, and, pretending that he wants five cents' worth, watches the baker sugar and wrap the steaming morsels, and then, when he is expected to receive and pay for them, scampers off, to the chagrin of the baker and the exultant shouts of other street urchins. In such a humor life is free, natural and active; and one can look upon weak circumscribed humanity with somewhat the eye of the Deity, knowing and sympathizing.

Such is something of the scholar's animus toward books, toward nature and toward human life. This attitude has its danger as well as its grandeur. The æsthetic culture of Mr. Arnold produces diletantism; and even the universal culture that we have been advocating has its snare. Truth

is many-sided, and he who would apprehend all its sides gets but a dim idea of any. Narrowness is strength. Luther could never have effected a religious reformation had he not restricted his horizon to a few mighty facts. Doubtless he saw truths distortedly; nevertheless, some he discerned so clearly as to fulminate them over Europe. But we of to-day behold the *pro's* and *con's* so dispassionately that we are incapable of sacrificing ourselves for either cause; and when Novalis tells us that "a character is a completely fashioned will," we stand confounded. He who would parody culture might invent a word, and describe culture as an invention of the devil to *devolutionize* its debilitated devotees. Mark Pattison is an example of the burden that excessive culture loads upon a disposition naturally irresolute. Mr. John Morley says of him: "Pattison had none of what so delighted Carlyle in Ram-Dass, the Hindoo man-god. When asked what he meant to do for the sins of man, Ram-Dass at once made answer that he had fire enough in his belly to burn up all the sins of the world. Of this abdominal fire Pattison had not a spark. Nor had he that awful sense, which no humanism could extinguish in Milton, of service as 'ever in the great Taskmaster's eye.'"

Amiel is an extreme case of this vastness of view. In his "Journal" he tells us of his "protean nature essentially metamorphosable, polarisable and virtual," of his "capacity for all form," and of his effort to be "not a soul but the soul." Mr. Arnold points out the natural result, when he affirms that "Amiel was paralyzed by living in these ideas of 'vague aspiration and indeterminate desire.'" No mortal can usurp the place of Deity; and, from Plotinus downwards, the attempt to confine the Universal Soul within the individual consciousness has proved a grotesque failure. He who would sit

\* \* \* "as God, holding no form of creed,  
But contemplating all,"

must logically reach an enervating agnosticism.

But, avoiding this severance of nerves from sinews, must we not seek culture in so far as universality is compatible with the personal needs of our nature?

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## INSCRIPTIONS.

I FOUND a rapier once, in Spain,  
'Twas tarnished, old and worn;  
The blade all rusted, and from its hilt  
The gems and the velvet torn;  
Yet the steel was supple, and strong, and straight,  
And inscribed on a golden band  
Was the line, "I am ever true to him  
Who holds me in his hand."

I opened the clasps of a golden brooch,  
And found two pictures there;  
One was a soldier young and brave,  
The other a woman fair;  
And inscribed between on a silver wreath  
Were the words, "Though we should part,  
I am true to the only one I love,  
Who holds me in his heart."

JAMES BARNES.

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## THE MERMAID O' OROMARTY FRITH.

NEIL SANDISON stopped abruptly on the hill and looked eastward across the Frith, now growing a faint grey in the dawn. The stars one by one paled and faded into the blue, the first shaft of rosy light came dancing over the ripples of the bay and turned the jagged rocks on the shore a lovely orange, and then finally up rose the sun out of the waves, turning the twilight into the fairest day that ever looked down on the slopes of Drieminory.

So, indeed, it seemed to Neil as he stood there drawing in full, deep breaths of the cool morning air. From the spot where he stood there was no fairer view in all Scotland. Far to the west stretched the shining waters of Cromarty Frith; eastward, terrace on terrace, lay green hillsides; looking southward, the eye saw a bold rocky promontory jutting out into the sea, looking like a giant of stone standing knee-deep in the surf, and leaning back against the cliff, which seemed only thus hindered from toppling over into the waves.

The grassy knoll on its brow was known as the "Lovers' Leap." In the days of early persecution (so the legend runs) two lovers had leaped from its rim into the sea, preferring to separation a death in the waves which lapped its foot.

Northward the bay rounded gradually, and in its innermost recess lay the famous Dropping Cave, for which the whole region was justly famed. Its roof was high and arched, and from it rained continually a shower of the purest water, coursing down the sides in tiny rivulets and pouring into a deep pool in the center, from which ran a wider stream down among the crags, to be finally swallowed by the thirsty sands of Nigg; no doubt helping to contribute to their infamous reputation for dark, hidden pools and treacherous, sticky quicksands.

It was along the higher ground above the Sands of Nigg that Neil Sandison's way led. The object of his journey was the rocky point above, from which the fishing boats went off.

There were several waiting the turn of tide when he reached the point, and their skippers sat smoking in a group upon the sand until the tide should have flood enough to float the heavy fishing dorys. There were general "good-mornings" when Neil approached, and the men made room for him beside them.



"Hae ye heard the news, lad?" said the oldest there, "Hae ye no heard o' the Mermaid?"

"No," said Neil.

"Eachen Macinla o' Tarbat saw her las' nicht. She were sitting on the rock near the Dropping Cave, trailing her hair in the swell and singing. He says as how he were dizzied and blinded wi' the moon-shine, and before he could look again she were gone—like a blier on a gowany brae."

"Was he frae Cromarty?" asked Neil somewhat skeptically.

"Aye, but he hadna been drinking, and was walking along by himsel' and thinking naething till he saw her. Do ye ken when Ernest Beth saw her frae the bed o' Dunskaith? That were a day like this—a bonny simmer's evening—but afore morning his boat were in wee bitties, and ye ken how we foun' him—drooned i' the sea-weed."

A silence fell on the circle, broken by another voice: "It will be a storm frae the sea, I'm thinking. The gulls an' skarta hae been flying low sin' daybreak, an' the groun'-swell is booming heavy, e'en now. It's early the fishing 'll be owre the nicht."

"Ken ye no spell for the Mermaid?" asked Neil. "Maun, the storm always follow when she bides on the rock?"

"Aye, it always does, tho' the women do hae it that if ane can sieze her an' haud her, she maun grant him three wishes. Hae ye nae heard that?"

"Sure," said Neil, "but should one see her, she would be gone before he could touch her, an' they say too that if her een meet his, waes him!—he is lost—he hae no choice but to follow her. I hae heard my father tell when a lad o' a fisher-boat that was rounding the point when the Mermaid sung. One was bound to try the spell, but the others were for making the land; so he jumped frae the boat and waded in to the rocks. They saw him round the edge, and they waited long; but he ne'er come back, and



the next tide washed his body ashore all swollen and crushed in the surf."

"I hae heard the same too," replied another, "Oh, waes the mon who sees her or hears her sing! say I."

That night, by a strange coincidence, Eachen Macinla, of Tarbat, was caught in a squall off Cromarty Point and went down never to rise. When it became known that he had seen the Mermaid, people shook their heads and told stories of the Dropping Cave like those Neil had often heard. There were always a few who insisted that Macinla had been in his cups again, and had seen only a rock on the yellow sand or heard the lapping of the waves, but by far the majority found the coincidence too tempting a one to be disregarded, and accordingly, this appearance of the Mermaid and its direful consequences was chronicled in the unwritten history of Cromarty Frith.

Neil Sandison was twenty-three years old. His beard was blonde and curly, his eyes frank and blue, and his frame large and well formed, and up to the present year he had successfully resisted all the tender glances of the maidens of Drieminory. But now he was in love, and with an heiress. Helen Reid, adorably young, who had lived in Brittany until a year ago—she, the proud, disdainful beauty who had flouted three far richer and more important men than he—she, who would sometime own, in her own right, all the slope of the hill whereon the old mansion stood, clear down to the Frith and the Dropping Cave.

The first time Neil saw her was at the Fair of Cromarty, the day after she had come from France. She was walking quietly with her father, and passed him so near that he might have touched her. He stood looking at her from head to foot, but he did not dare ask her name, for fear his face should betray him. But he soon found out, for every-one was talking of her, and all the maidens of Cromarty

were most tellingly critical. When he was at length introduced to her, he took off his hat in a somewhat embarrassed though graceful manner. He remembered it vividly—the fair was closing, the flower-stalls were being ruthlessly stripped, their gay streamers flapping wearily in the wind, and before him standing this calm, lovely creature speaking to him. His blood hurried through his veins in a tremulous haste, and he did not remember what he said, only that she had smiled at him as she left him.

He had spoken with her many times since then, but what a change seemed to have come over him now! He was a poor fisherman, she an heiress, and realizing the utter hopelessness of his love, he had accepted his disappointment silently. The next time they met, he barely spoke to her, and turned away his head. A moment after he was sorry he had treated her so impolitely, and would have spoken again, but she had already turned aside with a heightened color, and a light in her eyes he had never seen before. He was sorry to have made her angry, but there was nothing to beg her pardon for. And so, since that time, he had still loved her, though no one knew of it. He would far sooner have cut off his arm than tell of his hopeless passion to anyone else.

And this was what he was thinking of as he strode homeward along the sands.

Alone in her pretty room, in the bright, yellow light of that May morning, Helen Reid stood half leaning against the edge of the tall window, and with one hand parting the curtains to look out toward the Bay. The sunlight through the rifts in her white wrapper fell upon the glistening shoulders and upon the light, flowing hair.

Down on the beach a figure turned, and shading his eyes with his hand, looked long up the slope across the rocks toward the house. Even at that distance she recognized Neil. Finally he turned and plodded on down the rocky path.

Helen turned, releasing the curtains, and with a vivid flush upon her face, threw herself face down upon the bed.

On the first of June, Neil rose before daylight. The moon was paling as he set out. He took his skiff and rowed slowly along the bay, just skirting the rocks. The tide was at its flood, and the promontory, at whose foot lay the Drooping Cave, was lapped by tiny waves, which chased each other on almost to the very door of the cave and stretched a shining barrier between it and the shore.

As he rowed slowly on, the twilight began to gather a more decided tint of pink, the moon whitened, the stars were gone. Finally, with one burst of rich color, the sunlight shot across the water in a broad line of flame, and the morning had come.

Neil's thoughts were very bitter. He did not try to lie to himself—he loved Helen Reid with a love that consumed well-nigh every waking moment. It had taken full possession of his strong but simple nature, and though despairing, he was far from being resigned to the thought of losing her. Slowly the light skiff skirted the rocks until it was just opposite the green slope crowned by the stone mansion. It was all hers, he thought sadly, clear down to the water's edge, while he owned little more than the boat he fished in, the house that had been his father's, and his strong right arm. He rested on his oars awhile, and let his eye wander over the hillside. He noted the great trees and green sward, and the little, white winding path that ran zigzag across the green toward the Drooping Cave, clear to where the high tide had swallowed it. Then he let his gaze rest upon the house, into whose windows the early sun was just peeping. Finally he turned with a sigh and lifted his oars.

It was just then that a wonderful thing happened. As he half-turned in his seat to note his direction, he saw the figure of a young girl sitting half upon the rock and half in the ripples at the entrance of the cave. Her long, light

hair fell in luxuriant profusion about her shoulders, and she shook it out with her hands till it fell about her waist as she sung a low, sweet melody. Her side was turned toward the approaching skiff, and the sun shone on the white arm and shoulder with dazzling brightness. The Mermaid of Cromarty Frith!

Neil's first thought was one of almost fear, then an overmastering desire seized him to put the charm to the test. If he could but capture her, and demand his reward, his love might be his. And then he thought how a mortal cannot endure the Mermaid's eyes; how one single glance was enough in its languishing tenderness to allure the unwary fisherman against his will under the waves to his death. All this passed through his mind in an instant, and he had decided as soon.

Carefully he rowed along with that noiseless dip of the oar that the fisherman learns, hugging the rocky shore of the bay. On, still on, he went, taking advantage of every crag in his way; on, until he had rounded the innermost bend of the bay, and the figure was partially concealed from view by the edge of the rock. Here, making fast the swing of his skiff, without hesitation he stole warily along the rocks, working his way silently around the base of the cliff toward the entrance of the Dropping Cave.

As he came nearer he could hear her song floating out, re-echoed from the cave, and broken now and then by a low, delicious laughter:

The won o' the Sun King is owre at last,  
The wind an' the waves are free.  
An' the fisher-lad leans frae his boat in the blast  
To catch but ane look, 'ere the vision is past,  
O' the beautiful maid o' the sea—  
The bonny mermaid o' the sea!"

At length he reached the turn, and, lying flat upon the sand, looked out. Not a dozen feet away the creature was leaning against the tilted rock, over the edge of which her

shoulders rose, white and gleaming in the sun. To creep upon her from behind—to seize and hold her against the rock until she granted his wish—this was his plan. Even now he trembled as he thought of his near proximity. If she should turn and meet his eyes before he could seize her he was lost.

Had he been less a lover than he was he would never have ventured further, but now he thought of nothing but of gaining the hand of Helen Reid. He rose stealthily, sprang forward, and her song suddenly lengthened to a shriek in which were mingled surprise, shame and terror, as Neil's strong hands seized each an arm and with irresistible strength drew her back against the face of the rock.

She struggled with all her power to drag her arms from the hold of the brawny fisherman behind her, but he thought of Helen Reid, and held the tighter, saying no word, knowing that were he to speak first the charm would be forever broken.

"What, with me!" she panted at last—"who holds me?" and her voice, which trembled at first, now rang out like a challenge. "Off, I say!"

Neil bent his head to the stone and closed his eyes, lest by any chance she should turn so as to look upon his face and so dissolve the spell.

"Wishes three,—  
Maid o' the Sea!"

—he replied in the prescribed formula, which alone could demand a response from the uncanny visitor.

There was a silence, and when she spoke again her voice seemed unnatural yet more subdued. "And thou dost seek the Mermaid of the Dropping Cave to gain thy three wishes? Name them."

"I would wed Helen Reid."

"And the second?"

"To wed Helen Reid."

"And the third?"

"The same."

"Thou hast wished thy heart's wish?" And the voice was sweeter now. "Dost thou not wish for happiness?"

"With her I would be happy."

"Nor wealth?"

"Aye, and rich, too. Grant me!"

"Loose and have! And thou shalt wed her, too!"

Neil sculled back down the bay as in a dream. Since he had turned and ran swiftly around the rocks to his skiff with never a backward glance lest the charm should be broken, his heart had been full of a wild joy. She should be his—had not the mermaid promised him?

When he reached the lower part of the Frith he ventured to turn and look back. The entrance of the Dropping Cave was in sight, looking like a tiny black speck in the white cliff, but intervening headlands rose between him and the green slopes behind, and he could not see, hurrying up the winding path to the great, stone house, the form of a young girl, who alternately laughed and blushed in incoherent but happy confusion.

Before the summer was over a wedding-feast was duly celebrated in the old kirk of Cromarty, and Neil Sandison and Helen Reid were wed. After the capture of the mermaid, Neil proceeded with an assurance that he had theretofore lacked, and found the Mermaid's promise true.

Toward the close of their honey-moon Neil sat with his bride upon the sands of Cromarty Frith, and both were perfectly happy. Neil lay watching the waves, and Helen sat at his feet absently humming a song. She broke off suddenly to see Neil gazing at her with wide-open eyes.

"That song—sing it again!" he said.

She did so, smiling up into his face—

"An' the fisher-lad leans frae his boat in the blast  
To catch but ane look 'ere the vision is past  
O' the beautiful maid o' the sea,  
The bonny mermaid o' the sea!"

"That is what the Mermaid sang!" he cried. "I ken it  
weel. How—"

"Neil," Helen said with a delicious blush. "Suppose  
the Mermaid were in love wi' ye hersel?"

GEORGE F. WHEELER.

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A REVERIE.

SNUG in my easy chair I sit and gaze  
On folios of philosophic learning;  
I sit and gaze, nor ever turn a page,—  
I'd break a vision by a page's turning.

I'd break a vision full of rare enchantment,  
For stretching wide before me, I can trace  
A silver lake, and limned on its horizon  
The clear and sunny beauty of your face.

Again I move the oars, and hear the ripple  
Against the bow, while in the stern-sheets, there,  
From watery beds you drag the yellow lilies,  
The vagrant breeze is lurking in your hair.

Your eyes are smiling with the sweetest meaning;  
I move the oars and care not where we go;  
What matters it? The lake is spread before us;  
We'll drift and dream until the sun is low.

Snug in my easy chair I sit and gaze;  
But what care I for Locke or Kantian learning?  
I sit and gaze, nor ever turn a page,—  
I'd break a vision by a page's turning.

GEORGE R. WALLACE.

## GEORGE H. BOKER.

BACK in the years 1841 and 1842, on the campus in front of Old North, where the students used to meet as they do now, you might have caught a glimpse of a figure that immediately would have attracted your attention, a young man of 18 or 19, slight and graceful; with clear-cut features and curling hair, whose mobile sensitive mouth was just shaded by the down of youth and whose kind frank eyes, rather deeply set, expressed the gentle, dreamy nature that lay within. Any one who met him never forgot it. There was a charm, a sincerity, about him which won the heart, which made every one wish to keep his friendship and value it accordingly. The son of a wealthy Philadelphia banker, the heir to a considerable estate, Fortune, indeed, seemed to have smiled on him, and bestowed her gifts on him with lavish hand; endowed with a truly poetic temperament, he yet had a fund of humor, and an appreciation for the good things of the literary and poetic world, with the means at hand to gratify his tastes. The opening numbers of THE NAS-SAU LITERARY MAGAZINE, first started on its successful career by the class of which he was a member, contained some poems from his pen which even then showed the promise of his future work. As soon as he was graduated he began the study of the law in Philadelphia. But Blackstone did not hold the attraction for him that Shakespeare did, and although he possessed the clearest mental qualifications, yet to him the prospect of a literary life and world, was like the sight of a beautiful, smiling country, after a long march through dusty and arid plains. He could appreciate the best that the life afforded; he knew how to pick and choose; he imbibed the best feelings and methods, yet with all he was original. In the fall of the year 1847, he returned from an extended trip abroad, and published his first work, a collection of short poems entitled "The lesson of life and other poems"—this at the age of twenty-five. They attracted



much attention, and although in some respects showing the faults of youth, they were full of the romanticism that only youth can impart. They show the deep love of nature, the appreciation of the beautiful, and the search and striving after the true that mark his later work. Then, in the following year appeared the first one of a series of dramas. The plot was laid in Spain, where Boker had passed so many pleasant days. This tragedy—*Calaynos*—immediately marked him as the coming dramatist. I can do no better than quote the words of Robert T. Conrad, who says: "*Calaynos* without any adventitious recommendation, unheralded by a popular name and unaided by a popular theme, was eminently successful, not only in this country, but in England, and immediately placed its author in the front rank of living dramatists." A pure and elevated tone of sentiment pervaded all his work; he resorted to no subterfuges, but was clear and straightforward; forcible, easy and graceful throughout. Tuckerman says: "The glow of his images is chastened by a noble simplicity and naturalness of expression. He has followed the masters of dramatic writing with rare judgment. He also excels many gifted poets of his class in the quality essential to an acted playspirit. To the tragic ability he unites aptitude for the easy colloquial and jocose dialogue, such as must intervene in the genuine Shakespearean drama, to give relief and additional effort to high emotion. His language often rises to the highest point of energy, pathos and beauty." Such is the opinion of a well-known critic. To the ordinary reader he possessed a charm that was above analysis—the charm of a man of letters and the library lamp. You felt at home with him when you read his poems; you felt the movement of his plays, whether you saw them on the stage or read them in your study, they possessed the "acting quality" as well as closest beauty.

In 1850 appeared the tragedy, *Anne Boleyn*, remarkable for the force of its passion, its deep pathos, and the direct-

ness of its composition. In it there was nothing didactic, nothing forced or over-drawn. Then followed in succession "Léonor de Guzman" and "Francesca da Rimini." The latter was an immediate success. The leading role has been taken by one of America's prominent actors, of the legitimate school, who to this day considers it one of his strongest parts—Lawrence Barrett. In 1856 he published his "Plays and Poems," in two volumes, which contained, besides the foregoing dramas, two more—"The Betrothal" and "The Widow's Marriage," ornaments to literature in the matter of style and finish. It is, perhaps, as a poet that we like him best; for who can read such poems as the "Ivory Carver," "The Podesta's Daughter," "The Song of the Earth," "Ballad of Sir John Franklyn," and "The Dirge for a Soldier," without feeling the various emotions that each excites. Of the "Ivory Carver" it has been said that it is "purely original and luxuriantly imaginative." Robert T. Conrad says of "The Podesta's Daughter:" "The age has not produced a poem more graceful than this one, nor scarcely one so distinguished for its simple and genuine, but deep and thrilling pathos. The reader who can forbear to drop upon the page the tribute of a tear to the gentle Giulia

'Sweeter far than rose or lily, violet or vine,  
Though they could gather all their charms in one,'

would weep for nothing."

Then those stirring war songs, published under the title of "Poems of the War." Who has not been thrilled by "The Black Regiment," "The Dragoon's Song," "The Lancer's Song," and his "Dirges?" Just before his appointment as Minister to Turkey, in 1871, he published "Street Lyrics," "Königsmack and other poems." While living in Constantinople he was elected a member of a Greek literary society named the Syllagos, an honor conferred upon few foreigners. In 1875 he was transferred to the position

of Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg, and returned in '79 to Philadelphia laden with honors, and leaving hosts of friends. But he had not been idle, for in 1882 he published a collection of sonnets, his last work, "The Book of the Dead." It is now but a short time since *his* name was inscribed upon that great unfinished book, for on the second of January, 1890, George H. Boker, poet, diplomat and christian gentleman, passed away, rich in years, honors and friends, thousands of whom he had never known, but who mourned his loss none the less. When we mention such names as his, and kindred others, we feel a pride in our Alma Mater and know that she is watchful, never forgetting those in whom she also feels a pride, whose names are dear to her and to the memory of her sons.

JAMES BARNES.

#### THE RHYME OF SIR RUPERT'S PAGE.

"LOVE runneth as the blood,"  
 For so the legend saith;  
 And woman's heart hath had its part  
 In the love that loves in death.  
 Oh, woman-wise her prayer!  
 Oh, woman-weak her tear!  
 But through weeping and pain she follows on.  
 Though she faint and fall when the day is done,  
 She loveth true and dear.

The sun dropped large and round  
 Into the shining sea,  
 And in and out, the sails about,  
 The breeze played fitfully.  
 It fanned the throbbing brow  
 And cooled its fever-heat,  
 But the knight gazed back upon the land,  
 Then dropped his head on his mailed hand,  
 Nor felt its blessing sweet.

A knight loveth  
 the daughter of  
 Sir Guy of Nyee,  
 but being  
 spurned by her  
 father, saileth  
 for Holyland.

The little page  
appeareth at the  
ship.

It was a gentle page,  
His eyes were like the sky,  
His golden hair did seem too fair  
For knightly companye.  
He came when the sun was low,  
And the ship at mooring lay.  
When they questioned him he raised his head—  
"I am Sir Rupert's page," he said,  
And turned his eyes away.

"Sir Rupert bade me here,"—  
He spoke out calm and brave,—  
"That I may ride by his right side  
And bear his knightly glaive;  
And when he sleepeth sound—  
(The page spoke soft and low)—  
To watch till the daylight 'gins to shine  
Beside his tent in Palestine,  
For ward of the Paynim foe."

They admit him  
and the ship sails  
from the land,  
but the knight  
continueth sad.

He lightly stepped aboard,  
They questioned him no more,  
The wind flew fast and every mast  
Bent as they loosed from shore.  
But Sir Rupert stood alone  
With his hand upon the rail,  
His broad shield 'gainst the mast did lean,  
His casque was drawn, and his face, I ween,  
It seemèd sad and pale.

Sir Guy of Nyee  
discovereth the  
absence of his  
daughter and  
starteth in pur-  
suit.

Could the knight have seen as far  
As the land whence he had come—  
To the castle of Nyee, that faced the sea—  
I trow he had turned anon;  
For there rose the clash of arms,  
And hastening to and fro,  
And shouts and buckling on of mail,  
And hurried bending of the sail  
As on a deadly foe.

But the knight  
knoweth it not.

Up rose the pallid moon;  
It rose up silently  
And pale and wan, the moon went down  
Toward the sobbing sea.  
And the little stars shone on

Brighter and still more bright,  
But the knight still stood with face to land,  
And his head was bowed on his mailed hand  
Through the long, watching night.

"A boon, a boon, Sir Knight!  
I pray thee grant it me!"  
And the knight was 'ware of the presence there  
Of the young page on his knee.  
He started at the voice  
As he had ta'en a blow,  
But when he looked he saw no one  
Save the young boy kneeling there alone,  
With golden head bowed low.

The page offer-  
eth his services  
to the knight.

"Rise up, my gentle page,  
And I will grant thy boon;  
But thy form to me is strange, pardiè.  
What master dost thou own?"  
The boy made answer strait:  
"I have no master dear.  
The only master I did own  
Has left me, grieving and alone,  
Or ere I prayed thee here."

"I ask one only boon—  
To be ever at thy need,  
To bear thy brand in Holieland  
And run beside thy steed,  
And I will be as true  
As ever page might be;  
And be the foe or far or near,  
With song or mirth, or knightly spear,  
I'll serve thee loyally!"

He stayed upon his knee  
And no word more he said,  
And as he stayed, Sir Rupert laid  
His hand upon his head.

The knight  
thinketh him  
over weak for the  
battle and re-  
fuseth.

"I thank thee, gentle page,  
Though I may not answer yea;  
My page must ward me mortal blow  
And fitter thou for tourney-show  
Than for warrior company!"

"Thy curls for lady's bower  
Than helmet fitter are,  
And thy tender breast was never pressed  
By the steel of the corselet bar;  
Thy hands are not for war—  
Nor as squire's, lithe and brown,—  
Too white the bloody stain to know  
And slender I trow, for my cross-bow,  
Or to hold my war-horse down."

But he sheweth  
himself worthy  
and the knight  
accepteth him  
as his page.

The young page sprang upright—  
"And dost thou judge," he cried,  
"That a faint-heart lies beneath the eyes  
That are too youthful-wide?"  
He seized the warrior's lance  
And bent it double ways—  
Till the tough yew groaned as one with pain  
And shivered down to deck in twain  
Before Sir Rupert's gaze.

And the light in the page's face  
That was so white of blee,  
Flamed sudden red as in its stead  
The blood rose clowdily.  
Then "nobly done!" cried the knight,  
"Thou shalt be page of mine,  
And grant no harm from either side  
Make thee to wish thou here didst ride  
When we ride in Palestine!"

The page heareth  
the approach of  
Sir Guy's vessel,  
but the knight  
re-assureth him.

Ah, joyfully he knelt  
And kissed his master's hand—  
"Now why dost start as timid hart  
That dreads the hunter's band?"  
"Methought I heard a roar—  
The crash of shield and spear!"  
"Tis nought but the sound of the waves, I trow  
That break against our good ship's bow  
Thou hast none else to fear."

"Why art thou grown so pale?  
My page, thou tremblest sore!"  
"I hear the cry of the companye  
Who follow thee from shore!  
I pray thee, sail full-fast,—

The dawn is breaking clear,—  
I fear me they come from castle of Nyee,  
An' it prove so, now Christ help me,  
For the Lord of Nyee I fear!"

The knight looked out and saw,  
Through the shadowy twilight pale,  
A stranger craft, whose warriors laughed  
As they heard the pilot's hail.  
Showed shield and battle-axe,  
And spear with steely sheen,  
And 'neath his brazen vizor, he,  
The cruel, haughty Guy of Nyee.  
Looked darkly out between.

Nevertheless the  
ship finally over-  
taketh them.

Sir Rupert grasped his shield,  
While 'round the stout ship wore;  
'Mid plume and spear and battle gear  
He watched the ship before.  
And when she nearer drew,  
Strode forth with knightly grace—  
Scarce a stone's cast the vessels lay,  
And he looked upon the Lord of Nyee  
As they stood face to face.

So stood they for a space,  
And each gazed silently;  
Then, "By my head," Sir Rupert said,  
"What seek ye, Lord of Nyee?"  
Sir Guy was mad with rage;  
He shook his iron mace;  
"I seek revenge for honor lost  
On thief who stealeth from his host  
The daughter of his race!"

The knight de-  
mandeth of Sir  
Guy his errand,  
and is accused of  
stealing her  
whom he would  
have wed.

"I loved thy daughter true,  
Since first I saw her face;  
To ward her harm, my own right arm  
I'd lay on battle-place.  
To thy castle walls I rode,  
To offer my suit and name,  
And was answered with thy unjust scorn,  
And insult hitherto unborne,—  
Thy sneer at my knightly fame."

The knight  
answereth.  
Could he not wed  
her in honour, she  
were nothing to  
him.

"The bride I wed must stand  
 In hall or castle fine  
 With the proudest ladyes of the land  
 Or she were no bride of mine.  
 So honor first of all.  
 Didst thou not say me yea,  
 Then know ye now, Sir Guy of Nyee,  
 That came your daughter on her knee,  
 My scorn would answer nay."

The page heareth  
 his words and  
 weepeth.

The knight spoke cold and proud,  
 And certes did not see  
 His page's look as he were shook  
 With a fierce agony.  
 "And have I lost thy love  
 By thus forsaking all?  
 Hast thou for me but scornful word?"  
 And the hot tears 'neath his vizor barred  
 Adown his cheeks did fall.

Sir Guy answer-  
 eth him with  
 insult, and the  
 knight hurleth  
 his axe, which  
 cleaveth Sir Guy's  
 helmet.

Sir Guy of Nyee laughed loud,  
 And a sneer was on his tongue.  
 "Well pratest thou of honor now  
 When thy knightly deeds are sung!  
 For my daughter I scorn to fight,  
 Dishonored an' she be,  
 But at thee, who wrought this shameful thing,  
 At thee, Sir Knight, and *liar*, I fling  
 The endless hate of Nyee!"

Sir Rupert answered with no word  
 The insult of his foe,  
 But ne'er, I ween, did tourney-queen  
 Behold a knightlier blow.  
 For he raised his battle axe  
 And hurled it might and main  
 It flew like shaft from his cross-bow  
 Straight at Sir Guy of Nyee, I trow,  
 And cleft his casque in twain.

The battle begin-  
 neth, in which  
 the knight is  
 worsted. The  
 page refuseth to  
 leave his master.

Loud rose the battle-roar  
 As the ships ground rail to rail,  
 And the page would 'bide at his master's side,  
 Though the arrows fell like hail.  
 But force of arms must win,



And 'ere the sun rose high  
One-half Sir Rupert's knights lay 'round  
With broken mail and ghastly wound,  
And the day was with Sir Guy.

But the young page still would stay  
His chosen master near,  
Thrice did he ward a thrust of sword  
And turned aside a spear.  
"Now leave me, brave my page,  
I have no need of shield,  
For I would seek Sir Guy of Nyee,  
And he shall fight the death with me  
Till he or I shall yield!"

The knight  
seeketh out Sir  
Guy of Nyee for  
mortal combat,  
and falls in peril  
of his life at his  
hands, but the  
page receiveth  
the blow.

Fierce waged the mortal fight  
Sir Rupert pressed his foe,  
But slipped to knee and his enemy  
Aimed him a deadly blow.  
They heard a startled cry  
But neither saw, I ween,  
Till sharp and cruel the bright steel pressed  
Through the mailed links,—through the page's breast,  
Who threw himself between.

But Sir Guy of Nyee went down  
Beneath the iron mace,  
And the knight knelt there by the golden hair  
And the dead smiling face.  
He raised the drooping head,  
He wrenched the breast-plate clear,  
And strove to staunch the flow of blood  
When lo! 'neath the crimson, welling flood  
The breast of a woman fair!

The knight, after  
slaying Sir Guy,  
discovered his  
page's sex.

He looked upon her face;  
The eyes were cold and wide;  
But the smile he read, then clasped the dead,  
And strode to the vessel's side.  
He leaped far out from the ship,  
And he leaped not alone,  
And all that saw the men of Nyee,  
When they searched the slain for their enemy,  
Was a shield afloat upon the sea  
Like a jewel in the sun.

The knight, per-  
ceiving that the  
body is that of  
the daughter of  
his enemy, and  
of her whom he  
loved, and hav-  
ing lost the bat-  
tle, leaps with her  
from the ship.

GEORGE P. WHEELER.

## UNDER THE PRINCETON ELMS.

THESE old elms on the campus know more than they tell. Very few rushes they have not seen, not a canesprey but they have caught glimpses of it around the corners of West College; they have stood about the bonfires in the Quadrangle at many a great celebration, and sometimes, too, have cast their shadows on groups of saddened men just returned from the Yale game. If Nassau Hall has a familiar spirit, and it certainly must have, you may be quite sure that it is lurking somewhere among the branches of the old elms. Without them and the broad campus under them, Princeton would not be Princeton.

At Northfield last summer, where over one hundred and twenty colleges were represented, an Oberlin man remarked that the Princeton boys seemed to stay together and be such good friends. "Why," he said, "you fellows are just like one big family," and he was right. There is no other college of the size where the undergraduates are so generally acquainted. We have no Greek Letter Fraternities. They were here some time ago, but the Faculty abolished them and the students would not allow them to come back now. The broad community of feeling and free social life which springs up in our dormitories and in the intercourse of the campus is worth too much. We would not exchange them for the rivalries of a number of small circles bound together by that deep sympathy and fellow feeling which comes from having ridden the same goat and paid the same initiation fee. There is really no use for fraternities here. At many colleges students are scattered all over the city, and these centres of social life are necessary, but we do not need them. Our dormitories are nothing but big club houses, and the campus is simply an extension built out into the open air.

A good deal has been said unjustly about the reserve of the Princeton people toward the students. Anyone who is

received elsewhere will be received here, and cordially. There are always some men who go out considerably, and if the number is not as large as it might be, the students have only themselves to blame. The fact is our college life is so full and absorbing that there is little inclination to supplement it. After running around in *negligé* all day, when the alternative comes in the evening of attiring one's self for a call or dropping into a neighbor's room, the latter proposition is apt to have the advantage. Who does not know the charm of those evenings in a fellow's room? It doesn't matter much what is done. Several stringed instruments improvise an orchestra, there are stories, songs, jests, a hand at whist, possibly crackers and cider for refreshments or it may be crackers and something else—say lemonade. The details are of small importance; the real pleasure is in the freedom and abandon of college companionship, the jolly *camaraderie* of half a dozen of the best fellows in the world.

These little circles fill many a long winter evening, but when the spring comes the twang of the banjo is low and the thud of the base-ball bat is heard in the land. Everybody moves outside and becomes an athlete. The *Princetonian* issues its annual challenge against the LIT., eating club teams organize and train with an ardor worthy of the 'Varsity, and every other man you meet is a captain or manager. He is looking for another captain or manager and wants to arrange a game for that afternoon back of Reunion. A good-natured crowd is always on hand to coach, cheer or guy as the occasion demands while the "Grasshoppers" hammer out base hits on the "Hoffman House," or the "Butterflies" make life miserable for the umpire. It is impossible to live in Princeton without learning to play ball. On a good spring day one can scarcely walk from Reunion to the Gymnasium without having to field a ball gone astray from some bat, to which his attention is called by vociferous cries of "Thank you there!" In

the fall it is foot-ball. The scene is changed to the field back of Witherspoon, and wonderful teams in a wonderful medley of costumes come out and play with the desperation of a Thanksgiving game.

Then those Saturday trips to the neighboring preparatory schools! It is a beautiful day; coaches full of players, managers and mascots leave the front campus gate after dinner and spin across the country to Hightstown and Pennington. The preparatory school always labors under the impression that it is playing, if not the 'Varsity, at least the 'Varsity scrub, and a corresponding degree of enthusiasm prevails. The girls are out on the grand stand in full force and applaud fine catches and errors with delightful indifference. If there are any ball players among the visitors they generally win, but if not, they leave a proud and happy preparatory school behind them. It is a day of anxiety for the Principal. He has a hundred girls under his care who want to see the college boys, and a score of college boys who want to see the girls. In spite of his watchfulness there is generally a little informal reception. The girls come to the windows, the fellows stand below and carry on a desultory conversation. There are cases on record where oranges and bananas have been tossed up to the windows, and flowers or handkerchiefs dropped in return.

Those who become acquainted with Princeton from the outside are struck with its Democratic spirit. The centre of our Republic is the quadrangle in front of Reunion. This space is to us what the forum was to Rome. Is there some hitch in athletic matters? Has the Faculty become insubordinate, or is a college election approaching? Immediately there is a gathering of the clans and opinions are advanced, supported and attacked with marvelous earnestness and force. For these congresses rain and snow have no terrors, umbrellas and storm coats are brought into service, and the session continued. Men move from one group to

another to hear the various oracles and advocate their own views. Before very long there is a substantial agreement, or else party lines are drawn and vigorously sustained until a mass meeting in the English room settles the matter.

In the Fall there is a daily pilgrimage to the 'Varsity Grounds to see the practice. Here are trained those football teams whose weights assume such enormous proportions in the college press. We have known a half-back to go up from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty-five pounds by the simple expedient of having his weight printed in "The Crimson" after a Harvard game. Here are developed those rushers who rush so hard that some of our friends can account for their prowess only on the hypothesis that they are drawing large salaries. The college lines-up along the ropes; every player is watched and every good play enthusiastically cheered. Each spectator feels that the responsibility for the championship rests largely on his shoulders, and has his own views as to the wisdom of the captain's method of training. For two months nothing is heard but foot-ball. The papers are read only to see the scores of other teams, and former games are played over with a never-dying interest. The climax comes on Thanksgiving day, when we go to New York for the Yale game. The college goes *en masse*, leaving a score of musty book-worms and a dozen of stranded unfortunates in sole possession. Every man wears his orange-and-black button, and the freshmen celebrate this first opportunity to wear colors by a prodigious display of orange ribbons on their umbrellas, canes and hats. Then the game: thousands of people, gaily decorated coaches, a profusion of streamers, and a rattling fire of hostile cheers. A storm of applause announces the appearance of the teams. A little practice, and then the excitement rises to a pitch absolutely painful as the line-up is made and a dashing V opens the battle. How they play! We win or else we don't. If we win, New York isn't large enough for us that night. Every man, woman and child on

Broadway seems to be wearing orange-and-black, the world was never so bright, the theatres are crowded with spectators more bent on celebrating than on seeing the play, and after midnight a tired and happy crowd boards the "owl" for Princeton, telling each other over and over again how it was done. If we lose, things are different.

The genus poller is never more distinct than during the foot-ball season. He rarely casts his shadow within the 'Varsity gates, and sometimes does not even know who are on the team. There is a tradition of a poller who was here for three years without knowing where the grounds were, but it does not appear to be well authenticated.

The base-ball returns with the robins, and with it the daily journey to the practice field is renewed. Princeton generally starts out with a championship team and rarely fails to win the first Yale game. Something nearly always turns up before the end of the season and we don't get as many championships as we should, but while we are enjoying the prospect of victory everything is lovely. If it is our turn to go to New Haven, an eager crowd gathers in front of the telegraph office to hear returns an hour before there is a possibility of any news. A number of humorists take advantage of the opportunity to start false reports. One will go up stairs to the office and suddenly dash down in wild excitement; his abettors at the door raise a cheer which is echoed over the whole campus. Princeton has won—seven to three! The Freshmen are delighted until they meet an upper classman, who smiles and says that the news never comes in so early. The waiting crowd relieves the suspense by singing and speculating. At last the true word comes and we have won! No rest for the Freshmen that night. They must scour town and country for a mile around in search of fuel. They determine that their fire shall be the biggest ever seen. Contracts are made for gallons of oil, and tar barrels sell at a premium. Prudent house-keepers have their front gates taken in and send their hus-

bands out to watch the coops and dog-houses in the back yard. Gangs of suspicious-looking individuals in old clothes scout the streets and alleys, returning with a vast miscellany of boards, gates, panels of fence—anything that will burn. A few Juniors with the critical eye of professional builders direct the arrangement of the pile about the big cannon. Straw and tar barrels first, then boxes and rails; then everything that comes in. When the task is completed, the last can of oil poured on, and the dark pyramid, thirty or forty feet high, towers up in the centre of the quadrangle, the column is formed, and with torches, horns, drums, banners and fire-crackers, moves off in triumphal march. The President and some of the Faculty are visited and called upon for speeches. They come out on the piazza and make a few remarks, in which every sentence is punctuated by a tremendous cheer. When the circuit is completed the celebrators return to the campus and apply the match. A column of flame shoots up through the tree tops, and in the broad glare of the bonfire happy and contented groups stand about and discuss the full score just received. When the embers are burning to a dark red and the great clock in the belfry of Old North strikes midnight, the last stragglers retire to their rooms or go down to Dohm's to finish their discussion around a table.

Examinations are scarcely over before a few zealous Juniors are busy getting the new class out for its first rush. With great care the word is circulated around that the next night at ten the class will form back of the Observatory. The Sophomores are to be taken completely by surprise. The secret is so burdensome that the Freshmen gather in groups and talk earnestly under their breath in their efforts to keep it. They pass on the street with knowing looks and exchange significant gestures. As a natural result, the Sophomores are generally in front of Reunion waiting for the fun to begin. What a delicious sense of conspiracy and adventure there is in that silent



gathering for the first rush! Every approaching figure is scrutinized; rumor says the entire Sophomore class is lined-up back of Witherspoon. Scouts are sent out to work the dormitories and report on the enemy. And then, for the first time, the stillness is broken by three cheers for '9—! a challenge and defiance to the Sophomores. It is not a very good cheer; it is ragged and rough, and runs down at the end like an exhausted bag-pipe. But never mind, they mean it, and it is the old cheer. They will soon learn it better; they will ring it out with passionate enthusiasm in the critical moments of great games. It will proclaim the joy of many a victory, and when, after four years cheering, with depleted ranks they stand for the last time on the steps of Old Nassau at the close of the last Senior singing, they will express their undying devotion to class and *Alma Mater* by a deep and sober chorus in that best of college cheers, Rah! Rah! Rah! Tiger! Sis! Boom! Ah! Princeton! We have forgotten our Freshmen again, but the Juniors have been taking good care of them. By this time they are marching around the triangle singing "Here's to '9—," and working up courage for the impending conflict. At last the moment of destiny is come. They are lined-up closely, eight abreast, the big men in front and the little men behind, ready to push for all they are worth. The column heads for the front campus gate, and a thrill of pleasure or fear runs down every spine as the sharp, clear-cut Sophomore cheer announces that the opposing forces are coming to dispute entrance. This is usually the signal for Mat Goldie to step in and say, "Gentlemen, if there is a rush every man in it will leave college to-morrow." Sometimes this is effective, but the blood of '9— is generally too warm to be cooled by the Proctor's eloquence. The Juniors pull their hats over their eyes and move among the Freshmen, suggesting that Mat. don't know them anyhow. A short parley, and then with a fierce shout, at it they go. The two solid columns dash together—a violent col-



lision, a few moments' desperate pushing in the densely-packed masses, suddenly something gives way, and you are either joining in a rousing cheer for victory or gathering the scattered forces for another charge. These rushes are comparatively harmless and do a great deal to bring men together.

After the rush comes the pasting of the procs and then the cane spree, and so one might go on indefinitely. But a complete narration of the whole medley of events which make up our varied existence would still fail to give its essence, the indefinable charm of that spirit which lingers about Nassau Hall and sheds its influence over all the petty incidents of college life. We feel it when in those inexplicable groups where everyone seems to be reclining on everyone else. We lie on the grass and listen to the Senior singing; it creeps over us when we stroll about the campus under the stars; it comes down with the moonbeams through the leaves of the whispering elms. Yes, we may talk about it, we may tell you all the details of each day's life, but if you really wish to know what it all means you must come here and spend four years with us under the Princeton elms.

GEORGE R. WALLACE.

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#### THE HEART.

REFRESHING draughts of truth as pure as light,  
And thoughts of mighty things, with long delight,  
May mankind lowly drink from nature's spring,  
That wells with richest meaning depth can bring.

A long, low by-path arched with green,  
A sunset's glow spread o'er it,  
A sandy shore where the surf has been,  
The breathing blue before it;  
A pale, pink rift in a storm cloud's face,  
The earth's vast buried treasure,

The space of time that the mind can trace,  
A silver cloud in azure;  
The crystal flake of pearly snow,  
The depth of a star in ocean,  
But greater far is human woe,  
And the power that prompts devotion.

Such thought of mighty things may mankind drink,  
But, drinking, feel that nothing can impart  
A draught more sweet than, welling o'er the brink  
Of nature's fount, pours from the human heart.

FRANK LUKENS.

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#### THE ISLANDS OF PROMISE.

LIKE many self-centred men, Jordan Colby found great pleasure in fishing, and left his clients to the tender care of the office boy for a few weeks every summer while he took himself off in pursuit of his favorite sport. He tried many places, but was not entirely suited until he chanced upon the Islands of Promise, in the Minnewago river. Upon the largest of the three islands there was a comfortable old farm house, which dated from the middle of the last century, when it had succeeded the log cabin of the purchaser of the islands from the Indians. That old pioneer must have had a vein of poetry in him, for, instead of dubbing his new possessions Jones' Islands, he merely anglicized their picturesque Indian name. Now his lineal descendant "took boarders"—always men, most of whom came for the same reason as Colby.

It was always a relief to Colby, who was by most people considered a sort of a woman-hater, to get away from the stuffy city with its present discomfort and its memories of last winter's work and tiresome round of social events. The ordinary American summer hotel would not have suited him a tenth as well as the quiet, roomy farm house.

Here were no noisy, petulant children, nor trifling *tête-à-têtes* with insipid young women, nor stifling ball-room and nerve-wrecking orchestra of the nightly hop. Wholesome food, refreshing coolness and quiet, with the privilege of wearing a *négligé* suit from rising in the morning to going to bed at night, were the unassuming attractions of the Islands of Promise.

One sultry July day Jordan Colby stepped out on the platform of the railway station nearest the river. As usual, the old white horse and the buckboard were in waiting, and the year seemed scarcely to have changed the landlord's red-headed son Uriah (locally called "Yi"), who came forward to welcome the expected guest. After this ceremony, which was always painful to Yi, the long, hot drive to the river began. Colby, having long ago learned the uselessness of trying to make the taciturn Yi talk, had relapsed into silence and was just thinking that things were exactly as they had been for the last four years, when Yi pulled himself together and broke the silence by exclaiming, "Say, Mr. Colby!" A long pause.

"Well, what shall I say, Yi?"

"Mom said as how she didn't think you'd like the women boarders this year, but she had to take 'em to pay the int'rest on the mortgage."

Jordan Colby's reverie was gone in a moment, and with a sense of having been deceived and imposed upon, he resolved to go back to the city at once. A moment of reflection showed him that there was no train until the next day, and that a night at least must be passed on the Islands of Promise. Smiling at the situation, he began to question Yi about the intruders, and learned that they were an invalid, Mrs. Knight, and her daughter Marion. The only comments that the uncommunicative Yi would make upon them were that Mrs. Knight was "quiet-like" and Miss Marion was "real purty."

Hot and dusty and dissatisfied the traveler reached the river at last. The sturdy old bridge was quickly crossed and Colby had to encounter the effusive and rather apologetic greeting of Yi's mother. No sign of the ladies until supper-time, when the newly-arrived guest was presented to them with all the landlady's impressive graces. He saw a patient, placid lady who fully justified Yi's "quiet-like," and whose manner had none of the querulousness which makes the masculine mind so fearful of invalid women. Mrs. Knight was one of those gentle, unselfish sick folk whose own sweet personality is reward enough for all the loving care bestowed upon them. Jordan was agreeably disappointed with Marion, whose rippling brown hair, fearless grey blue eyes, fair clear skin and cheerful mouth, smiling without a suspicion of affectation, made a picture wonderfully winning. Jordan Colby liked this new face for its happiness, health, sympathy and sincerity. Already he began to repent of his decision for the morrow, and his repentance was complete when the three guests sat together that evening on the wide porch facing the west and he discovered that Miss Knight was fond of out-door sport, especially fishing. The friendly, sensible conversation of his fellow-guests seemed to give a new charm to his old haunt on the Islands of Promise, and he was surprised at his regret when the deepening twilight and the dampness coming up from the river put an end to their first evening's chat. It happened that no other man came to board at the Island at this time, so Jordan Colby was frequently accompanied by Miss Knight on his fishing excursions. To his surprise he found that in direct contrast to her usual vivacity and talkativeness, she was quiet and patient on these occasions and proved herself a true disciple of the immortal Izaak.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jordan Colby and Marion Knight had become fast friends. Not a word of sentiment had ever passed between

them. Jordan never imagined that under Marion's bright, gay exterior there might be a heart capable of passion; Marion had seen no more tenderness in Jordan Colby than had any one of the women who had known him in the past. When the day came which Colby had set for his departure, he made a startling discovery—he was not ready to go. His legal mind was not long in finding the reason—he was in love. Yes, Jordan Colby was in love at last, and his strong will was not strong enough to enable him to fly as he had done before whenever an intimation of such a thing had come to him. He told himself that his love was without hope, but he resolved to enjoy Marion's friendship as long as he could. So the vacation was prolonged, but the day on which he must depart drew unpleasantly near.

One morning he said to Marion, "Shall we go fishing under the bridge this afternoon, Miss Knight? We won't have many more opportunities, as I am going back to town day after to-morrow."

If Jordan had been more watchful, he might have seen a slightly more vivid color in Marion's cheeks, and might have heard her voice tremble as she said,

"So soon, Mr. Colby! Of course we must go. There's an east wind blowing, and I don't believe we'll have any luck, but it will be delightfully cool there."

The sultry afternoon found them in a light skiff anchored under the great blue limestone arch of the bridge, where there was always shade and a breeze. They fished with due skill and patience, and when the perversity of the fish was apparent, they tried to talk, but the parting so near at hand cast a restraint over them, and each attempt signally failed. At last Marion took up a book and pretended to read, while Jordan, half reclining in the bow of the boat, thought of the pleasant comradeship so soon to end. The drowsy influences of the summer afternoon soon conquered his well-mannered intention to keep awake, and when

Marion lowered her book after awhile to glance at him she saw that he was asleep. In the freedom of the moment she looked at him with all her woman's heart in her eyes, with a face which was a picture of yearning, hopeless love. Pleasant dream-thoughts seemed to come to Jordan Colby, for he smiled happily, but suddenly his expression changed, and showed grief and disappointment instead. A foolish thought came to Marion—the thought that she could kiss away that look of pain. Her sense of propriety drove it away, but it came back reinforced by an argument—no one would see, and he would never know it. Then, too, this man of her love was going away, perhaps forever. She hesitated a moment and looked around to assure herself that no one was in sight. Then she began to creep stealthily toward the bow of the boat, steadying herself with a hand on the gunwale. The rower's seat passed, she felt that retreat was impossible. She bent over Colby's sad face, but of a sudden half drew back, in realization of her boldness. The movement roused Jordan, and his eyes opened wonderingly upon a face in which love and shame strove for the mastery.

The old bridge had never done a better deed than when it stood witness to the betrothal of Jordan Colby and Marion Knight, and it seemed to laugh back to them when Jordan rowed away saying, "Not such bad luck after all, Marion."

JAMES C. MEYERS.

## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

ONLY ignorance of history can breed pessimism. In a recent article in *Lippincotts* Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard describes Yale when the subject of his study, N. P. Willis, was a student there. "They had," he says, "their high junks, of course, those young Yalensians of sixty years ago—had their town and gown rows, painted the house of the president red, white and blue, and put a cow in the belfry, and at Christmas broke windows, cut bell-ropes, squirted the Freshmen, and were given to other follies." Now, were it not for our hesitancy in resuscitating the buried past of those "grave and reverend Seniors," our fathers, we might disclose some pretty tales—overheard—concerning Princeton pranks, say of a generation ago—how the recitation benches were tarred, and the students were obliged to sit on seats hastily washed by Dennis and still moist; how at the private exercise of Senior speaking a lone cabbage was made to do duty for a bouquet, being thrown at every speaker, as an *encore*.

If the desire to screen our fathers did not seal our lips, we might even mention an odorous chapel joke, one redolent of new-mown hay. It seems, one evening, after the campus had been clipped, that the newly-cut grass was carted by rash Freshmen to the Old Chapel. A window was lifted, and the grass, deposited in the body of the building, rose even with the pew backs. Worse than this, by some esoteric means a calf was lifted into the rear gallery, there to sniff longingly the fragrant heap below. The sequel to this verdant joke was, that in the services of the next morning the organ was interrupted by a bovine solo from the rear gallery.

Those were the good old days when every man knew every other, and when the Seniors must have been forced to deduct, all told, at least a week from their college year in order to obey the fashion of writing in each other's autograph

albums. Indeed, some men became distinguished in this line, and one Senior is reported to have been placarded on the "bulletin elm" as an autograph writer "of neatness and dispatch." We have at our disposal an authentic specimen, exhibiting the average literary merit of these effusions. After the necessary preliminaries the writer says: "You must in college, as in the business of life, grapple with success in order to make it yours. Success will never come to you. You must reach forth and put tight the grappling irons; minding these Senioric injunctions, you will grow 'healthy, wealthy and wise.'" Most of these efforts are in a similar vein—the sentiment irreproachable, being a flat mixture of the hortatory and the truistic, with now and then a sad attempt at the humorous.

Such, in terms as concrete as are at our command, was the then condition of student life. Those were the times when the recitation rooms were on the ground-floor of our present college offices, and the students had the felicity of attending first recitation before breakfast. Fancy anticipating old Sol by having lamps placed in the recitation halls of an early Winter morning. Then, grades, showing a profuse expenditure of Arabic numerals, including proper fractions of various degrees of propriety, were accurately kept in each department, and the marking system, involving unpleasant rivalries and inspiring studious habits, held unchallenged supremacy.

Any contrast between such antiquated ways and our own would be unnecessary. No doubt we can distinguish advancement in many particulars. And it would not be well to disturb any rightful self-complacency. Nevertheless, it may be remarked by the way, that, while the chapel joke recorded against our fathers was certainly puerile, the effervescence of sophomoric wit manifested on last Washington's birthday, in the same storied hall, was of a kind as *frothy*—not to say *flowery*—as any previous manifestation of factious pleasantry.



## TO THE NEW DORMITORY.

COULDST thou awake long-slumbering memories—  
Thou incomplete yet stern and frowning pile!—  
Hadst thou an history like thy comrade there  
Who smiles at me with many a bright-lit eye  
While thou from grim and sightless orbs dost peer  
Glowing like some great winged, grey-breasted owl!  
I'll stay with thee awhile and tell thee how  
In future years thou'lt fare; as now the moon  
Around thy shoulders grey, a filmy lace  
Does throw with gentle hand, and stars above  
Shall whisper if my words be false or true.

Where now the sighing winds hold company  
And moan weird dirges to thy cheerless heart,  
Or chase in elfish sport about the walls,  
There "jest and youthful jollity" shall reign,  
And merry laughs with light and tuneful note  
Will from thy chambers woo th' unfriendly night.  
Then, in the quiet hours, perchance a tale  
Thou couldst unfold of many a sport and play  
Within thy ken, to listening brother-halls,  
Or have thy name as oft and fondly sung  
As Old Nassau's about her ivied front.

—R. D. SMALL.

HE IS on his way to his club. His face is haggard, his eyes sunken, his steps are half halting. And you mutter beneath your breath, "One of those miserable pollers!"

Yes, he may be a poller; he is miserable, but the two epithets are not by rights united.

The hard student need not be miserable. If he be miserable what good does his study do him? Study educates, and education ought to make a man happy—happy, because his education is a source of pleasure to himself and also to others. The student should cultivate congeniality so that his knowledge may benefit those around him. My friend, the "miserable poller," lay aside your books for awhile;

leave your table and your chair; come out and mingle with your classmates; get some play and not all work out of life, and you will never regret it. You will be a better man for it; and when the by-path of college-life, with its four dividing mile-stones has been traversed, and you turn into the broad and bustling highway beyond, when the face of an old college friend meets you on your journey, you will remember and rejoice.—V.

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**W**ITHIN the past seventeen years there has been a movement among the English universities which is producing a closer contact and more vital relation of the educational institutions with the masses. This movement owes its origin and present development to the foresight and energy of Professor Stuart, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

In such localities as manifested sufficient interest in the plan, a lecture course was given. The classes were furnished with printed syllabi, interleaved for additional notes. Printed questions accompanied each lecture, and the students of these classes were required to send written answers. A final examination was held at the conclusion of the course. The classes were conducted by college professors, and the themes discussed embraced the entire realm of human thought and investigation.

Success has attended the movement from the outset, due to the fact that it supplied a long-felt national want. A brief glance at its history and development cannot fail to reveal the desire for a higher education which pervades the mind of many of the common people, but who are deprived of it from their pecuniary position. The people hail with delight this new effort in their behalf as is evidenced by the mammoth proportions to which it has attained.

This movement must have an elevating effect upon those whom it reaches. It unites in one common pursuit of

knowledge—the forge, the factory, the shop, the colleges and universities of Old England.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the value of systematic study. True, some will be superficial, but the advantage will be to the greater majority.

Arising in England, this movement is so catholic in spirit that it could not be retained there alone. It has spread to this country and Canada. It is the most important outgrowth of camp-meeting life, and is known as Chatauqua University. Its reading course is so well known as to need no comment. Chatauqua has inaugurated this English movement here and it will be watched with a deep interest by all who are interested in the uplifting of the masses. But in this country, class distinction is not so strong, and its success seems assured.

The liberal education furnished by such a university course cannot fail to have an ennobling and elevating effect upon the moral, social and religious life of our people. The rapid strides made in the cheap production of books puts the means of knowledge within the reach of many who might otherwise be deprived.

We have been making very marked advances in art, literature and mechanical contrivances, but it has been chiefly at the expense of the masses. Let us hope that the introduction of such a departure in education will mark the dawn of a more intelligent era in our history, and a period of broader vision and charity.—*C. I. T.*

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EDITORIALS.

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OUR thanks are due to Dean Murray and Professor Magie for kindly serving as judges in the Prize Essay Contest. The prize has been awarded to Mr. Edward W. Evans, Jr., '91, of New Jersey.

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IN ORDER to insure the prompt appearance of the October issue of the *LIT.*, our contributors are requested to mail their contributions to the Managing Editors, Princeton, N. J., on or before September 10th.

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WE DESIRE to call attention once more to the translation prize that will be awarded in the November number. Let the story be interesting, the translation accurate, the style smooth.

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THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

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THE action of the Conference Committee in recommending the college not to elect successors is a step we regret to see, and yet, under the circumstances, scarcely any other course was open. A few years ago the Trustees provided for its election without any request from the students, and the college felt that a very considerable step in advance had been taken. The old times of hostility between students and faculty had passed, and it was believed that the new

committee might, by its experience, be of much use in developing just what part the undergraduates might advantageously take in the decision of college questions. The students responded to the action of the Trustees by electing men in every way fitted for the position. It is now four years since the first election took place, and the experiment has been a failure. The college soon found out that a recommendation of the committee would be courteously received by the Faculty and often never heard of again. Confidence in its efficiency began to diminish, and when anything special was wanted other means were taken to secure it. Each year a smaller number of men went to the elections, until at present many men do not know who are on the committee. As for the committee itself, its action has always been above criticism. It has been temperate, prudent, and, if anything, too cautious. If it could have succeeded, it would have done so under the men who have controlled its actions.

The resolutions advising discontinuance are supported by the sentiment of the college. It was generally felt to be useless and was in danger of becoming ridiculous.

We still think, however, that a Conference Committee properly organized with some definite function would be of great value. Cases are continually occurring where the students have occasion to communicate with the Faculty, and it would be well to have some recognized body to act for them instead of relying on the methods of petition and informal representation. One thing which has hindered the committee from being effective is the fact that it had no right to go before the Treasurer. He has always received its members very courteously, but could not consistently recognize them as in any way representative. Many of the minor matters which the students wish to bring to the notice of the authorities, such as complaints growing out of carelessness of servants, when brought before the Faculty are met with the answer "no jurisdiction," and when sub-

mitted to the Treasurer, with the reply "no right of appeal." If the Trustees consider the re-organization of the committee on a solid and practical basis, this is one matter which should not be overlooked. We still think the problem of student representation can be solved, and solved with substantial advantage to college government.

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#### THE ROMANCE LANGUAGES IN THE CURRICULUM.

IT IS about this time of year that the thoughts of a number of college men are centered upon the pleasant prospect before them of a summer's ramble over Europe's historic ground, of coveted delvings into hidden antiquities or profitable study in classic and medieval lore. And often in his hurried preparations the student lays aside his Latin lexicon or Greek grammar upon the shelf of sweet oblivion and hastily scans a "First Lesson in German" or glances with eager eye at the old French book that he once declared he had put away forever. He gratefully thanks the framers of the curriculum that the "despised trash" was required in his Freshman days, and though he cannot erase from his mind the recollection of the hours and weeks he toiled over the troublesome idiom or grammatical intricacy, he feels a thrill of triumph and satisfaction now, because the time of usefulness even to Freshman French has come at last. In fact, the prospective traveler considers his equipment, intellectually, almost perfect. The laborious course of two years has given him an insight into the structure of the language and fixed indelibly in memory a few of the more common phrases. Conversation in French will be easy after just a little practice, and he will thus be able to direct his own path on the Continent. So he meditates, but finds unfortunately a slight mistake somewhere. One day under Italian skies

reveals a part of his misconception. In fact, he should be acquainted with Italian.

We plead in this erratic way for a new interest among students in a language that contains so many of the world's classics. The noblest thoughts of mortal intellect have found expression in its soothing tones. To catch the inward meaning, to appreciate each delicate shade that one sentence often conveys, we must go beyond the mere verbal translation or paraphrase to the original form. For this reason, preponderant to some, a plea for the study of Italian in the university is not to be frowned at. It would not require a place in the curriculum as a distinct elective. It could at least be *continued* as an optional study, recognized as an individual member in our Modern Language Department. Yet, if it were possible, we see no valid objection that could be advanced against its establishment as a regular elective study. Certainly the importance of Italian among the European languages will justify such a departure. Even should the study of Italian result in no direct material advantage to the student, it would be of untold value when he came to prosecute a more extensive research in medieval literature.

What we say of Italian we can say relatively of Spanish. We recognize, of course, the more insignificant place that it as a language has taken among the Romance tongues. But this does not preclude us from claiming the same position for Spanish among college studies that we have suggested for Italian. Beyond doubt the growing need that would justify such additions cannot well be overlooked. It is one of the aims of college training to produce men of cosmopolitan character and views. One means to this end, we believe, which will be an invariable test for cosmopolitanism, is to present to the university student sufficiently elaborate courses in the living languages to warrant his spending a due portion of his elective time in this essential department.

## OUR TRACK ATHLETICS.

A RECENT number of the *Princetonian* contained a well-considered editorial on the problem of track athletics, and the suggestion was made that the Association should be changed into a 'Varsity organization. The suggestion does not imply any charge against the present management, whose efficiency and enterprise we cordially recognize, but in the very nature of things this branch of our athletics would succeed better if it were brought into direct relations with the college. The only difficulty that suggests itself is the matter of support. The Association at present depends largely on the sale of membership tickets, and it is urged that if this source of revenue were cut off the track could not meet expenses. It seems probable, however, that the abolition of the ticket system would work for the better in two ways. In the first, a canvass would get from many men much larger subscriptions than the price of tickets, and every man now holding a membership ticket would subscribe at least as much as it costs. In the second place, many men who do not feel like running now on account of their inability to join the Association could be brought out and developed. It is very evident that the track is behind the other branches of our athletics, and some measures should be taken to bring it up to its proper place. We have a few splendid representatives, who bring honor to the college, but scarcely any average men. If the Mott Haven team were put on a par with the other 'Varsity teams and allowed to wear the blazer, it would do much to make men work. As it is now, no inducement whatever is offered to a man to train. This is a matter which must be taken up and acted upon next winter, and those who are particularly interested should be thinking it over and devising some definite plan looking towards a better organization of track athletics.



"THE TIGER."

"THE Tiger" is coming! The Faculty have given a conditional consent, and the men who have the matter in charge are sufficient guarantee that the Faculty can be satisfied; so we may regard "The Tiger" as an assured fact. Princeton has long been needing this very thing. The literary and news departments are already represented; with the addition of a jester our college press will be complete. There are many things too obvious to argue about or too trivial to be treated seriously; there is a vast amount of real good fun going to waste on the campus daily for lack of such a paper. Let "The Tiger" come, and it will find plenty of foraging to keep it in a fat and flourishing condition. The college owes its thanks to the gentlemen who have taken upon themselves the responsibility, literary and financial, of this venture. It also owes them something else. In the first place, every man who can afford it should subscribe; a paper cannot live without money. We hope the canvass next fall will meet with a ready and generous response. In the second place, every man who can draw, or suspects himself of having some humorous talent, should get to work. During the summer there will be opportunity to draw and plenty of time to write verses and paragraphs for the contributor's box. When the new sanctum is opened next fall let the editors be cheered by finding behind them a large body of contributors. Competition for places on the Board will begin at once, and we understand that appointments will not be confined to any class. The paper will be issued every two weeks, in the general style of the "Record" and "Lampoon." We hope the college will get many a good laugh from its pages, and join us in wishing the best possible success to "The Tiger."

## GOSSIP.

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SMARTLY dressed June is here again with her new gowns, her flounces and her furbelows, as fresh and rosy as a bride. It is our busy season, these last few days of May (dear May) and these first few days of June, but the temptation to procrastinate is never so strong as now, with the long delightful evenings on the campus "in front of Old North." (I am almost sure that the latter should be in quotation marks, it has been written so often before.) How quickly the twilight fades as we sit around the elms listening to the Senior singing; it grows so dark that the lighted cigarette or cigar glows like a firefly above the recumbent masses on the grass, the quick spurt of a match makes a patch of light like an impressionist picture; then a cheer, and the groups disperse, some to their studies, some towards Nassau street "on pleasure bent." Thus it has been going on for years, thus I hope it will go on for years to come; it is the time when the returned Alumnus feels at home. We feel when we leave a place dear to our hearts that everything must change, the changes often cause a twinge of pain, as we miss a loved land-mark or notice something new where it once stood; but here everything is the same, even the songs—at least most of them—and the Alumnus is one of us again.

It is late, too late to go out and borrow some tobacco, and my pipe is empty; nearly all the lights are out except in the hallways of the building opposite; the lighted windows, one above the other, glare out like the lights of a watch-tower through the darkness; one other only is left burning in Old West. Perhaps some eager student with a throbbing head "there burns his midnight oil;" but no, the sound of a guitar, a burst of light-hearted laughter and a suspicious tinkle and clink wafts through the half-opened window; the throbbing head will probably be to-morrow. What a comfort, solace and inspiration one can derive from the fragrant briar wood. I wish that I had some tobacco now, but a diligent search produces only a few grains in the bottom of my pouch. Away ye scornors of the weed! Ye who have never felt its soothing influence; have never seen all cares and sorrows vanish in a single whiff, while the future promises peace, rest and comfort as far as you can see. There was a picture in the Paris salon, I think it was in eighty-five, an allegorical tableau, entitled "Coffee coming to the relief of the Muse." Coffee, here represented by a mulatto angel, was bringing a cup of the brain-stirring concoction to the tired Muse, who lay half fainting over her stylus and tablets. I should like to paint a picture of Tobacco coming to the relief of—well, anybody or everybody, rich or poor, great or

small. Too bad that she should have so ugly a name, and that her reputation with some people is such that they deny her an admittance. I should paint her white and graceful, light and airy, with golden hair and veiled in a waving, curling smoky texture that would float and fade behind her in the distance like a train. In her hand she would hold a wand and inscribed on it would be (just to show that she had some strength of character) the words, "I will not stand abuse." There was once a man—but that is another story, and I have digressed enough. I did not intend to write a eulogy, but bear with me and pass it over. A few days ago and we were celebrating a most glorious victory, won and deserved through hard work and constant training. There were times during the game with Yale when a single error of judgment, a single rash or ill-timed word of coaching, would have given the whole college the blues badly, but everything was done coolly, and with "head." The training that a man derives from work of this kind must last him through his life, the simultaneous action of mind, will and muscle; the quick thought and unerring decision, all must be of benefit to him afterwards, even if he never steps on a base-ball field again—which is not at all likely. Commencement will soon be here, the beginning of a new life for some here now who will go out to battle for themselves. Some have their work mapped out before them, others have yet to choose; but there is room for all of you, gentlemen, and the anxious eyes of loving friends will watch you as you go. Believe that your Alma Mater will keep you in her view, rejoice in your success, condole with you in your misfortune and expect of you the loyalty of a dutiful son. "Again farewell." Out on the campus some one is singing "Little Annie Rooney"—off the key. Bill is going the rounds with his lantern and now disappears in an entry, the song stops, the light goes out in that corner room, a window slams, my head is nodding, and my ink bottle is dry. Good night to all, a pleasant and profitable vacation to each and every one.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil,  
Amid the dust of books to find her,  
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,  
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.  
Many in sad faith sought for her,  
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;  
But these our brothers fought for her,  
At life's dear peril wrought for her,  
So loved her that they died for her,  
Tasting the raptured fleetness  
Of her divine completeness;  
Their higher instinct knew  
Those love her best who to themselves are true,  
And what they dare to dream of dare to do."

IT IS Decoration Day—we have never learned to say Memorial Day—and the beat of drums, the shrill whistle of fifes and the tread of marching feet are heard in the North and West and even in the once rebellious South. The unusual sounds send an awakening thrill through the sleepy village of Princeton, and needlessly remind the men of the campus-world that this is a holiday. The repose of the Editor's Table, the result of a month's neglect, is disturbed not unpleasantly, and with the day's sounds comes the day's thoughts—thoughts of the great war with its heroism, its sacrifices, its successes and failures; thoughts of the nation as it is to-day—opulent, proud, facing in confident strength the many foes that assail its integrity. As we look back upon the conflict that came to an end twenty-five years ago, we exclaim involuntarily, either "What a blunder!" or "What a crime!" Either the Southern leaders were strangely blind or were foolhardy even to criminality. Is there any other explanation for their hopeless attempt to cope with the boundless resources and unlimited credit of the Northern States? But blame the leaders as we will, we must recognize in the men who followed them bravery quite equal to that of the loyal men who fought for the Union. To-day the nation delights to honor the men who wore the blue, and Decoration Day has become America's proudest holiday. Yet amidst all the acclamations a murmur of discontent may be heard, and the once loved name of the Grand Army of the Republic too often provokes a sneer or a shrug of the shoulders, owing to the shameless hunt for pensions and the disgraceful manipulation of the soldier vote. Let us not be too quick to join in wholesale denunciation of the veterans; let us distinguish the noble and self-respecting from the base and self-seeking, and, though we may find fault with the soldier living, let us

still strew flowers over the soldier dead. Perhaps you think that these observations are not consistent with the supposedly literary character of the Editor's Table. Well, our excuse is that they are by way of preface. Decoration Day suggests some thoughts on literary subjects also. The marked inactivity in literary circles during the war is well known. Of course this was due to the fact that there was little or no demand for the work of authors. Why no demand? We usually say because people were too busy with other things. This was not all. People have been just as busy since, the race for wealth has been fiercer and life more hurried than ever, but people have found time to read. It seems to me that the war itself filled one of the prime functions of literature in ordinary times. It furnished glamour, it transfigured the humdrum struggle for existence with its lights and shadows, its glory and its pathos. A novel, a poem, sometimes even a history or biography, makes a man forget himself, or, if he remembers himself, it almost invests that self with a new personality. So with the theatre and with music. The time will come when that great war will inspire literature, and its stories will cast a glamour over the life of another generation of readers. Perhaps that time has begun already. We have had huge volumes and endless magazine articles written upon the war, but they are not literature. The history of the war is yet to be written. Some day the war will furnish the setting for a great novel, and far on in the years to come, if the art of epic writing be not entirely lost, as some would have us believe, it will be the theme for a great heroic poem.

Charles Dudley Warner writes very pertinently in the June *Atlantic* of the duty of the public schools in furnishing reading for the young people of the land. The paper is entitled "The Novel and the Common School." General Walker treats "The Eight-Hour Law Agitation" with the same confidence in established theories of Political Economy that inspired him in his scathing criticisms of Henry George and Edward Bellamy. "The National House of Representatives; Its Growing Inefficiency as a Legislative Body," is an expression of the general discontent with the way in which the people's representatives transact the people's business. Agnes Repplier contributes another of her unique papers, this time "A Short Defense of Villains." Mrs. Deland's "Sidney" goes on, and "Rod's Salvation" is concluded. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in "Over the Teacups," finds a good word to say for cranks.

The June number of *Scribner's Magazine* opens with the promised article by Henry M. Stanley, on his already famous "Relief Expedition." The illustrations supplement the description with a peculiar vividness. The architecture of "The City House" of past and present types is described in the next article. Another paper on Millet finds place in the following pages, reproducing some of his personal letters. "Amateur Track and Field Athletics" offers especial interest to college men just at

this time, on the very eve of the great Intercollegiate contests. We notice with pleasure the favorable mention of Princeton's representatives. A long poem, "Rosamond," follows; it is a dialogue between the Queen and Rosamond. "The Magic House" catches some of the expectation of the passing vision and embodies it in the verse. Hon. Seth Low continues the discussion of the "Rights of the Citizen." It refers mainly to city life, to the citizen as a "user of public conveyances."

The frontispiece of the June *Cosmopolitan* is a fine portrait of Murat Halstead, who furnishes the customary "Review of Current Events." The first paper deals with "Farm Life and Irrigating in Persia," describing some of the curious customs prevalent there. A reporter's life and hardships receive a brief mention in a following article. "The Coaching Era" immediately interests us. The illustrations are particularly good, some of them well drawn. And now the *Cosmopolitan* has been seized with the mania of portraying "American Beauty." We compliment it heartily on the selections. Meteorology contributes some curious phenomena in the "Fragments of the Stars." We read with interest the sketches of "Leading Writers of Modern Spain," beginning with Emilio Castelar. They form a group too often overlooked. "A Ghost at His Fireside," by Louise Chandler Moulton, is the attractive story of this issue. It holds the attention from start to finish. "La Fandango" is an incident of the Mexican dance told in verse. It is written in jolting measure, in imitation of the movement.

*Century* for May came too late to be reviewed in our last number, but should not be overlooked. There are several papers on Washington, with some unfamiliar portraits. Walt Whitman has a poem, "Twilight Song," "For Unknown Buried Soldiers North and South." Other poems and articles of similar character make this a Decoration Day number. Amelia E. Barr's quaint story, "Friend Olivia," has reached the seventh chapter. In "Blacked Out" Mr. Kennan shows the marks of appreciation that are put upon the *Century* in Russia. "The Romance of Two Cameras" is an exceedingly taking short story. Thomas Bailey Aldrich contributes a sonnet, "I Vex Me Not With Brooding on the Years." Joseph Jefferson tells of his experiences in Australia.

It is in the spring and summer that *Outing* is at its best, and the June number justifies all the devotion that college athletes and "athleticists" feel toward the magazine. The opening paper is a fine article on "America's Place in Athletic History, and The History of the Manhattan Athletic Club." Prof. Sumichrast, in continuing his yachting series with "Ladies at the Helm," deals with the most enjoyable feature of amateur sailing. "Trout Streams in Pennsylvania" is of interest to disciples of Izaak Walton. Many will enjoy reading the description of Epsom and Ascot, the great English racing centers. Lieut. Leary tells the story of the Green Mountain boys in his finely illustrated article on "The National Guard of Vermont." "A Ramble with Rod and Tent"

tells of a delightful vacation in the quaintest and most picturesque part of Canada. "A Revolution in the Cricket Field" discusses the proposals made to render the game more popular in America. If some of these were adopted, Princeton might add cricket to her list of sports. The fiction of the number is "Wrecked on Carr's Reef," a story of Lake Superior. It is so interesting that its conclusion will be eagerly awaited.

The complete novel in *Lippincott's Magazine* for June is "Circumstantial Evidence," by Mary E. Stickney. While not a remarkable story, it has a number of good situations, and is certainly readable. "Nita," the heroine, is warm-hearted and lovable. When we picked up this number and saw a paper on Richard Henry Boker we feared that our own article on the same subject had been anticipated. On reading, we found that it consisted mainly of personal reminiscences told by Boker's friend, Mr. R. H. Stoddard. Robert Burns Wilson is the author of a poem called "Lee; A Chant of Remembrance." It is a fitting tribute to the great general of the Lost Cause. Arthur Goddard contributes "Fiction for the People," an entertaining article. Agnes Repplier, who always writes in such a piquant way, has an essay upon "Reality in Fiction." "Round-Robin Talks," a series made up of short things by clever people, makes a promising beginning in this number.

A photogravure of Hubert Herkomer's great painting "The Chapter of the Charter-house," forms the frontispiece of the June number of the *Magazine of Art*. The number opens with Mr. Spielmann's paper on "Current Art," illustrated with works of well-known artists. "Satsuma Ware and its Imitations," by Masayuki Kataoka, deals with a contemporary fad in ornamental pottery. A series of papers on the National Gallery of Ireland is begun, and gives reproductions of some of the best pictures. Joseph Pennell writes and illustrates his "Rhône Sketches" with like cleverness. "The Literary Remains of Albert Dürer," is instructive and valuable. Mr. A. M. Rossetti has a second paper on "Portraits of Robert Browning," giving six portraits taken from 1847 to 1888.

As many of the Exchange Editors of our contemporaries begin their work they find that their department is not very much read and is, seemingly, of little value to any one. The result is that many propositions for a change of method are made. Somebody suggests that the various editors propose topics of general interest in the college world, to be discussed in a sort of peripatetic symposium style. This suggestion has found favor with several magazines. The scheme, if carried on in a haphazard way, would be a source of endless confusion. An organization to direct it would scarcely be worth the trouble, and, if formed, could only include a quite limited number of publications, and would destroy the delightful freedom of the old way. Why leave that old way? If we try, we can put more life into our criticism. Fair and free criticism is a good thing. We Exchange Editors write for each other



almost exclusively. In almost every case the Exchange Editor turns first to the exchange department of the magazines that come to him. Why? You know that you do it to see what they have to say about your paper. Now, let us express our appreciation for a good thing wherever we find it, even if it is in a most insignificant sheet; and when we dislike anything let us say so plainly and kindly, and the exchange department will be interesting to somebody at least.

We have talked so much about the method that we have very little space left in which to practice it.

The *Virginia University Magazine* contains an essay on George Eliot, which shows considerable critical ability. The contrast between George Eliot and Thackeray is well drawn. "And in the Day of Judgment?" is a story of remarkable power. The story itself is good, the style of writing still better. The description of the death-wreath is admirable.

The *Yale Lit.* is a magazine of short articles. Just now the editors are doing most of the work, and very good work it is, too. In the May number "Thomas Hood and Bret Harte" is an example of this. The most characteristic thing about the *Yale Lit.* is the Portfolio, which is rarely stilted and is always readable.

The *Brown Magazine* has received many welcomes, and though we may be rather late, we take this the first opportunity to add our good wishes. The first number is in itself a promise of success. We hope that the magazine will have no conflict with the *Brunonian*.

The *Vassar Miscellany* is the best of the literary publications of women's colleges. Its literary departments are well conducted and contain many graceful things. In the last number "La Madonna Della Sedia" is especially charming.

Walt Whitman has been a favorite subject in recent exchanges. The *Adelbert* has one of the cleverest things, an amusing parody of Whitman's style.

The verse of the month has not been particularly pleasing, but we choose the best:

Apple blossoms, flakes of brightness,  
Sweet are blooming everywhere;  
Orchards glow with rose-touched whiteness,  
Apple blossoms, flakes of brightness—  
Swift they fly with fairy lightness,  
Snowing in the mild May air;  
Apple blossoms, flakes of brightness,  
Soft are drifting everywhere.  
—*Amherst Lit.*

#### TWILIGHT.

Shadows slowly stealing  
O'er the dusky waters cool;  
Corydon is kneeling  
By the idle, listless pool.



Far beneath its placid surface  
Shines the sand-bar's yellow gleam.  
Nothing in the mirrored image  
Mars the beauty of the dream.

Breezes softly stirring,  
In the willows come and go,  
The waters gently furring  
With a foam as white as snow.  
Through the spray is seen no gleaming;  
Drifting clouds obscure the light;  
Dimmer grow the tiny ripples  
At the coming of the night.

—*Williams Lit.*

#### LOVE AND DEATH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

One stroked the hair where yet the soft light stayed,  
Saying, "I would have loved her had she stayed."

One turned with passionate sobbing to the wall;  
"So long to love and this the end of all!"

One bent and kissed the mute lips with a smile;  
"Patience, sweet love, 'tis only for a while."

—*Harvard Monthly.*

## BOOK REVIEWS.

JOHN JAY. BY GEORGE PELLEW. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

In the last year or two a great deal of careful study has been put on the early history of the United States. Much has been written about the periods of the Revolution and the making of the Constitution. With a better knowledge of the times and of the men who figured in them a disappointment to many has come. The demigods are no more. We know that men and politics were much the same then as now, and that selfishness and partisanship were powerful factors in public life. But our faith almost returns when we read this life of John Jay, the most recent addition to the valuable "American Statesmen" series. John Jay was the Cato of the public men of his day. In his unselfishness, integrity and devotion to duty he was the ideal statesman. In many positions of honor and trust he served his country long and well. President of Congress, Minister to Spain, Peace Commissioner, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Chief Justice of the United States, Special Envoy to Great Britain and Governor of New York are the milestones in his career. The Commissioners who represented the Colonies in making the Treaty of Paris were instructed by Congress to have implicit faith in France. Jay's keen insight showed him the double dealing of the French representatives and he dared to go beyond his instructions. During "the love frenzy for France" this action was highly condemned, but a study of the French archives and of the correspondence of the French Minister, Vergennes, and others has completely vindicated Jay's judgment. Curiously enough Jay's life falls into three periods of twenty-eight years each, the first covering his boyhood, education at King's College, study and practice of the law; the second, his public service; the third, the years of retirement, which he had anticipated so fondly and which he enjoyed so much. He was so self-contained and unimpulsive that there is no revelation of his inner life to be made.

THE MASTER OF THE MAGICIANS. BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS AND HERBERT D. WARD. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

The Orient is so rich in color and its history is such a long gallery of impressive pictures that it ever attracts the story-teller. In the opening chapter of Marion Crawford's "Zoroaster" we saw Daniel, the great exile, in the grandeur of a noble old age. But it was only a glimpse, and the story went on without him. In "The Master of the Magicians"

we see Daniel again, but here with the pride of his youth upon him—the chief of the high-born Hebrews attached to the court of Nebuchadnezzar. It is the story of the love of Allit, the King's captain, and Lalitha, the daughter of an astrologer. The passion of the queen, Amytis, for Allit is conventional, and her jealousy throws obstacles in the path of the young lovers. When all the other wise men fail, Daniel interprets the King's dream, and is proclaimed "Master of the Magicians" and is made Governor of Babylon. On the death of her father Lalitha becomes Daniel's ward. The young ascetic feels a very human affection for Lalitha, but bravely yields her to his friend. The story is always interesting, and at times has the deep tone of true passion.

ROBERT BROWNING: PERSONALIA. BY EDMUND GOSSE. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

This neat little volume, which is a reprint of some papers in the *Century* and the *New Review*, will find room for itself among the host of Browning books which have appeared since the poet's death. The sketches are well called Personalia, in view of the long and intimate acquaintance that Mr. Gosse had with Browning. They are glimpses at the simple, serene life of the master, who, in making us think, has made us love him for his manliness and truth.

HORATIO NELSON AND THE NAVAL SUPREMACY OF ENGLAND. BY W. CLARK RUSSELL. \$1.50. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

A new series, "Heroes of the Nations," is opened with a life of the great seaman of England, and the publishers very wisely chose as the author one who has charmed all by his sea tales, and gives quite a nautical flavor to this book. The early biographies of Nelson were written by landsmen, who were lost in admiration of their hero, in whose mouth they put a vast number of bombastic phrases. Mr. Russell avoids much of this absurdity and strives to give a picture of the man himself. We could wish to know more about Nelson's early life—that hard life of a midshipman among the horrors of an English man-of-war of the eighteenth century. In such a school did the delicate boy become the rough sailor and dashing fighter of after days. Mr. Russell shows that, contrary to received opinion, Nelson planned carefully the evolution of his ships for every battle, and did not depend alone on the dash and vigor of the attack. Mr. Russell writes pleasantly throughout, but excels in his vivid pictures of Nelson's most noted engagements. The book is well bound and profusely illustrated.

THE STORY OF RUSSIA. BY W. R. MORFILL, M.A. \$1.50. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

Russia is a very prominent figure in the world to-day. The vast extent of its empire, its bold political designs, its interesting literature, the dark stories of despotic cruelty, all attract attention. It is difficult to realize for how short a time Russia has played a part in European politics or even laid claim to the possession of civilization. We all know something of modern Russia, but we have much to learn about the old half-wild Russia of yesterday. This volume, in "The Story of the Nations" series, gives us exactly what we need. Mr. Morfill writes with a singular freedom from English prejudice, and with great appreciation of the people and language of Russia. The chapters on Russian Literature and the Social Condition of Russia are particularly interesting. The book has numerous maps and illustrations.

AMERICAN FARMS; THEIR CONDITION AND FUTURE. BY J. R. ELLIOTT. \$1.25. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The wide-awake man must see that the future of the American farm is one of the gravest questions of the day. All through the East the cry is, "Farming doesn't pay." Farms are being abandoned, and the population is moving to the cities. In the West the deadly mortgage stares the farmer in the face, and to escape starvation and utter ruin he must become the tenant of some large holder who has absorbed his homestead. The situation is very serious. Mr. Elliott sets its forth very clearly. He says truly, "Protection is the farmer's deadly enemy." He is terribly afraid of the single tax and of socialism, which he says are no remedies. After an array of facts and figures regarding the condition of the farmer that will set any one thinking, Mr. Elliott states his objections to the remedies proposed and then offers his own: A more general realization of the necessity of having a large agricultural population, and also the union of the farmer for political action. Mr. Elliott finds comfort in the quotation "Morality is stronger than a majority," and has faith in the ability of the American people to solve the problem.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE JANIZARIES. BY JAMES M. LUDLOW, D.D., LITT. D. (NEW YORK: HARPER & BROTHERS.)

This stirring tale has been so widely read and is so deservedly popular that a new edition was needed. Dr. Ludlow is a graduate of Princeton, and has done honor to his *Alma Mater* by this successful novel. The central figure of the story, it is scarcely necessary to say, is George Castriot, called Scanderbeg by the Turks, who had stolen him in boyhood and trained him for the corps of the Janizaries. When he had learned all the Turks could teach him of the art of war, when he had become captain of the Janizaries and first of the Sultan's generals, he left his

high position and returned to his native Albania, where for years he maintained a successful struggle against the Turks. There is plenty of action, and the interest is kept up throughout. If you have never read this novel let it be the next one on your list.

A SHORT HISTORY OF MEXICO. BY ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL. \$1.00.  
(CHICAGO: A. C. McCLURG & Co.)

The barrier between the United States and the neighboring republic of Mexico is being broken down by increased intercourse—commercial and otherwise. The history of Mexico cannot be said to be very interesting. Vague traditions before the Spanish conquest in the sixteenth century, the monotonous story of three centuries of bondage to Spain, the kaleidoscopic series of governments since the revolution—such is Mexican history. Mexican archaeology is a rich field scarcely touched yet, and Mexican social life of to-day offers opportunities for much profitable study. Mr. Noll has given us in convenient form a really valuable hand-book of Mexican history.

THIERS. BY PAUL DE REMUSAT. TRANSLATED BY M. B. ANDERSON. \$1.00.  
(CHICAGO: A. C. McCLURG & Co.)

Thiers was a great statesman and a great writer. His public life extended through the Government of July, the Second Republic, the Second Empire and six years of the Third Republic. M. de Remusat gives an excellent and entertaining account of Thiers' political career and a fair idea of his personality, but the treatment of Thiers as a man of letters is very meagre for a volume in the "Great French Writers" series. The historian of the Revolution and of the Consulate and the Empire holds a place in French literature which entitles him to critical study. Thiers as a statesman was sometimes a trifle unscrupulous, but through all he acted with a high purpose, and served his country well in a time of darkness and trouble. There are few more noble pictures than that of the old man of seventy-four undertaking, as First President of the Third Republic, to restore order out of the chaos left by the Franco-Prussian War.

DISRAELI IN OUTLINE. BY F. CARROLL BREWSTER, LL.D. (PHILADELPHIA: PORTER & COATES.)

Probably the most striking figure in English political history is Benjamin Disraeli. The son of a despised race, the possessor of no political backing, Disraeli saw his opportunity in the leaderless Conservative party, made himself its chief, and strangest of all, made it a party of progress. The man who made a ridiculous failure in his maiden speech and sat down comforting himself with the defiant "The time will come when you shall hear me," lived to be Prime Minister of England and to

give Victoria an empire. Mr. Brewster gives, in compact form, the main points of Disraeli's life and an appreciative study of his character. A valuable feature of the work is the abridgment of Beaconsfield's novels, together with various contemporary criticisms.

GETTYSBURG, AND OTHER POEMS. BY ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER.  
(PHILADELPHIA: PORTER & COATES.)

In perfect keeping with the opening poem, "Gettysburg," this little book is bound in blue and gray. "Tacey Richardson's Ride," we imagine, will find its way into the repertoire of many an elocutionist. "A November Nocturne" has some touches of real poetry—"Where Time's slow windlass draws the days like links of anchor-chains." And again—"So low they flew that on the trees their strong wings splashed a spray of moonlight white."

MESSALINA.—A TRAGEDY. BY ALGERNON S. LOGAN. \$1.00. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.)

The subject of this drama is one of the treasonable plots which abounded in the political life of restless Rome. It is a tragedy of some power, but it is powerful less from the treatment than from the dramatic character of the materials. Messalina, the wife of the Emperor Claudius Drusus, versatile, passionate and ambitious, reminds one of Cleopatra. One of her many loves is Silius, the consul-elect, with whom she plans to usurp the Imperial purple. But in so doing, Narcissus, a gifted freedman and secretary to the Emperor, is cast aside. A formidable enemy is thus raised, who is enabled by his position to cause the death of both Messalina and Silius.

THE WORLD-ENERGY AND ITS SELF-CONSERVATION. BY  
WILLIAM M. BRYANT. (CHICAGO: S. C. GREGGS & Co.)

The appearance of this little volume is most timely. It expresses an opinion on what to us seems *the* question of modern thought, and that is the relation of scientific to speculative inquiry. To anyone who is at all conversant with the history of Philosophy and the progress of Natural Science there must often have been suggested the question as to their relation. Some there are who have denied that there is any connection between the empty categories of the mind and the real things of nature, and out of this denial some of the deepest skepticisms of the day have risen. Now our author has attempted to prove that the Physical Sciences and Mental Philosophy cannot be in fundamental opposition. To this end he institutes an ingenious comparison between Hegel and Spenser. The one has the framework of reality as it is constructed by the mind alone, and the other has more of the content

exclusive of the framework. Now, what each needs is the other, and in this union of the speculative with the empirical data, we get a true and substantial philosophy. Nothing could give us greater personal satisfaction than having our own views of the future of rational inquiry expressed in these prophetic terms: "We may infer that the scientist of the future will not be content, nor even feel secure, without a 'speculative' training; while the specialist in speculative studies will not dare, even if he should desire, to remain in ignorance of the special methods and results of the so called 'empirical' sciences."

**TIN-TYPES TAKEN IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.** By  
LEMUEL E. QUIGG. (NEW YORK: CASSELL PUBLISHING CO.)

How suggestive of the contents of the book is the title! These sketches are surely tin-types—not all in the *streets* of New York—no; there are instantaneous pictures of the dining-rooms of the rich, of the Wall street broker's office, of the anarchistic beer saloon, of all phases of New York life, from the highest to the lowest, from the richest to the poorest. And exceedingly clever and accurate are they, too! We should judge that the writer was familiar with all the amusement, with all the good, with all the pathos, with all the wickedness, and with all the nobleness in the life of our great metropolis. The author has simply set down in plain, unassuming language, short detached sketches, which, like the photographs from which they take their name, are not complete, and exhibit but detached portions of the whole with unfinished edges. They are—as we have said—now amusing, now pathetic; now they exhibit the wickedness of human nature and now its nobleness; now it is a satire on ward politics, and again on the "Four Hundred"—in short, we advise every one to read and appreciate it as we have done. The publishers have left nothing undone to make it as attractive in looks as it is in contents.

**TRADE ORGANIZATIONS IN POLITICS; ALSO, PROGRESS AND ROBBERY—AN ANSWER TO HENRY GEORGE.** By J. BLEECKER MILLER. (NEW YORK: THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.)

As the author says in his introduction, the prominence of trade organizations in politics makes this discussion a timely one. The various chapters are reprints of the papers and speeches of a man who takes a strong interest in municipal and national politics, and sees clearly the grave social questions of the day. The treatment is thoughtful and judicial. The reply to Henry George, while it finds the weak points in the armor of "Progress and Poverty," is scarcely a conclusive argument against the Single Tax theory. The author looks to the future bravely and hopefully; is not afraid of a certain degree of state interference, and in his views of Political Economy, he leans toward the German School—the "Socialism of the Chair."

MIDNIGHT TALKS AT THE CLUB. REPORTED BY AMOS K. FISKE.  
(NEW YORK: FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT.)

Most of the papers in this volume were originally published in a New York Sunday newspaper, and are reprinted here, as the author says, to rescue them "from the quick oblivion of the newspaper." They were worth rescuing. They are talks upon religion, politics and society, by the "Judge," who is an independent thinker with pronounced ideas. He pleads for tolerance in religion and for morality in politics. At times he seems to us too radical in his treatment of venerable things, but sincerity of purpose atones for his transgressions.

TURNING POINTS, OR GREAT QUESTIONS FOR YOUNG MEN  
AND WOMEN. BY JOHN L. BRANDT. \$1.00. (CINCINNATI: STAND-  
ARD PUBLISHING Co.)

The author, realizing that the hope or the curse of a nation rests in its young men and young women, has written for the young people of America a book that talks plainly without mincing matters and points the great questions of personal and national life. His discussion of some of the turning points is direct enough to set his readers thinking. "The Fast Young Man" is very aptly characterized, and "Questions of the Age, and Who are to Decide Them," is one of the best chapters.

BELLA'S BLUE BOOK; THE STORY OF AN UGLY WOMAN.  
TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF MARIE CALM. \$1.25; PAPER, 75c.  
(NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON COMPANY.)

This is a strongly-written novel in the form of a diary kept by a young wife who, while tormenting herself with her imagined ugliness, in reality is singularly attractive. The diary, for once, does not spoil the story. The self-analysis sometimes reminds us of Marie Bashkirtseff.

We have received from various publishers a number of the novels that will be read by everyone in the summer that is before us. We can notice them only by title:

THE RAJAH'S HEIR. A NOVEL. 50c. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIP-  
PINCOTT COMPANY.)

BLACK BEAUTY; HIS GROOMS AND COMPANIONS. THE "UN-  
CLE TOM'S CABIN" OF THE HORSE. BY ANNA SEWELL. (BOS-  
TON: THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.)

THE MERRY CHANTER. BY FRANK R. STOCKTON. 50c. (NEW YORK  
CENTURY COMPANY.)



A MAGNETIC MAN. BY E. S. VAN ZILE. 50c.

IN THE VALLEY OF HAVILAH. BY F. S. CLARK. 50c.

THE PERFECT WAY. BY EDWARD MAITLAND AND ANNA (BONUS)  
KINGSFORD. 50c.

THE TALKING IMAGE OF URUR. BY FRANZ HARTMANN, M. D. 50c.

THE SIN OF JOOST AVELINGH. BY MAARTEN MAARTENS. 50c.

OUR ERRING BROTHER; OR, CHURCH AND CHAPEL. BY F. W.  
ROBINSON. 30c.

"DINNA FORGET." BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER, AUTHOR OF "BOOTLE'S  
BABY." 30c.

A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE. BY T. L. MEADE. 30c.  
(NEW YORK: FRANK F. LOVELL & Co.)

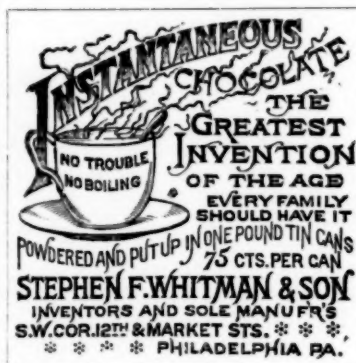
## CALENDAR.

APRIL 26TH.—Meeting of the I. C. F. B. A. at Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. E. A. Poe elected President, and the Championship awarded to Princeton.

APRIL 30TH.—Base-ball game, Princeton vs. Lafayette, at Easton. Score, 6 to 3.

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Chips,  
Almond  
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